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THE "KISHOGE PAPERS."

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# THE "KISHOGE PAPERS,"

*TALES OF DEVILRY.*

AND

*DROLLEDY.*

BY

BOUILLOON DE GARCON.

LONDON:

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE following trifles, with one exception, appeared several years ago in the *Dublin University Magazine*, when at the zenith of its literary reputation, and most of them when it was under the editorial supervision of the author's lamented friend, the late Charles Lever; as the medium of his introduction to whom the papers will ever have for himself a high value. They are now collected and re-published, in compliance with the request of many friends, and if their reception, by an entirely

new generation, is nearly as favourable as their first success, the writer will have every reason to feel gratified.



## THE MONK AND THE DEVIL.

---



HREE hours are past since the curfew  
bell,

And Peter the Sacristan sits in his cell ;  
A monk more devout,  
Withal burly and stout,

In St. Benedict's abbey there may not dwell ;  
Yet not o'er his beads or his breviary now  
Doth Peter the Sacristan thoughtfully bow ;  
Far other his occupation I trow.

With easel before him and pencil in hand,  
He works at a painting terrific and grand ;

There are angels fair,  
With golden hair,

Floating on pinions of light through the air,  
And blessed spirits, so bright they seem  
Like the forms that haunt some beautiful dream ;

Martyrs who for the faith have died,  
Virgins holy and sanctified ;  
While in contrast sad, at the opposite side,  
The souls of the damned  
Together are crammed,  
And are whipped and lashed, the unfortunate throng,  
By a legion of merciless devils along !  
Devils of every fashion and size,  
With trumpet noses and saucer eyes,  
And corkscrew tails,  
And talons and nails,  
And heads like fishes, and horns and scales ;  
With snouts like rats,  
And wings like bats,  
And claws like lobsters, and bodies like cats ;  
Some like parrots, and some like apes,  
Devils, in fact, of all colours and shapes !  
All are finished save only one,  
And at him the Sacristan works like fun ;  
Nothing, however horrid or grim,  
In colour or feature, or figure or limb,  
Was ever yet seen,  
Or thought of, I ween,  
But that, when completed, will beat it out clean.

Stout must the Sacristan's nerves be to-night,  
Who can look without awe on so fearful a sight

For, sober or drunk,

There's no other monk

Could gaze on his work and not feel in a funk.

But not so with Peter ;

No joy could be sweeter

Than his was in making its horror completer.

Louder and louder his lips doth he smack,

At each fresh attack

On his flagon of sack.

Vividly glows

The tip of his nose,

With joy, as, beneath it, that strange image grows.

Merrily twinkle his funny old eyes ;

Quicker and quicker the pencil he plies ;

Till, just as the clock of the turret chimes one,

He jumps up and cries, "There, Sathanas, you're  
done !"

"I'm done," said a voice in the Sacristan's ear—

"Faith I *am* done, indeed, it would really appear !

On my life, Friar Peter, you make rather free,

If you mean to give this as a portrait of me."

Peter starts at the sound,  
Turns suddenly round,  
And sees what would many a friar confound,  
And what makes even him for a moment look pale,  
The Devil himself, with his horns and his tail,  
Whose visage displays such a picture of rage,  
That 'tis easy to see  
How unpleasant 'twould be  
His anger just then to attempt to assuage.

But Peter the Sacristan isn't the man  
To be put in a puzzle  
By horns or by muzzle ;  
So the Devil at once he commences to scan,  
And cries—" Go to hell,  
You thrice damnable fel-  
Low, how dare you your cloven-hoof plant in my  
cell ?  
Be off in an instant, you monster of ill,  
Or I'll make your vile picture more horrible still !"

The Devil at once sees that threats are in vain,  
And addresses the Monk in the opposite strain ;  
With an accent like balm

Says, “Come, Peter, be calm—  
A little less zeal, friend—just listen to reason,  
The best things are good only when they’re in season.

A little composure  
May get you a crozier,  
And what is the use of this petty exposure?

To be somewhat politer  
Won’t lose you a mitre,  
Nor your chance of salvation make one tittle slighter.  
The abbot may die, of a fit apoplectic,  
In the course of the night—he is very dyspeptic.

Poor man, he mistakes  
The true cause of his aches ;  
His thirst, which is great, he too frequently slakes.  
A little less sack, and a little more sackcloth,  
Would keep him some years to come yet in his  
black cloth.

If he does die to-night, just get rid of that figure—  
When you are mitred-abbot vent freely your rigour ;  
You’ll of course indulge often in long exhortations,

Abuse me in these  
To the full, if you please ;  
Show up all my plots, all my dark machinations,  
Attack me for ever, in sermon or stricture,

All I ask you to do is—show no one that picture ! ”

Fierce was the Sacristan’s rage when he heard  
The Enemy tempting him thus to his beard :

He scarcely could speak,

So swollen was his cheek,

For the Sacristan’s temper was not over meek.

He felt tempted to tweak

The old boy on the beak,

But thought he might waken the house with a  
squeak ;

And Peter the Sacristan, though he was burly,  
Didn’t fancy much making the lord Abbot surly,  
Whose temper, perhaps, would be none of the best,  
If suddenly roused from his sanctified rest ;

So he paused, and, instead,

He indignantly said—

“ Avaunt, you infernal, detestable imp !

Or I’ll make you jump out of that like a shrimp ;  
Do you think, you old rascal, that I care a bob  
for you ?

Begone out of that, or else I’ll do your job for  
you ! ”

Nick doesn’t withdraw,

Nor betray the least awe,  
But breaks out in a most unaffected guffaw ;  
While the coolness displayed by the covey in black  
Throws the Sacristan clearly a little a-back ;

And while, in surprise,  
He wide opens his eyes,  
The former again says—“ My friend, I’d advise  
You to do as I say,  
Or else you’ll rue the day  
That you ventured my very kind hint to despise.”

But the Sacristan cries  
“ Begone, father of lies !  
Know that Peter yourself and your vengeance defies,  
And warfare henceforth between him and you, Nick,  
He solemnly seals with this resolute—kick !”

Wherewith he lets fly  
His right foot so high,  
'Twould have sent the arch-enemy up to the sky,  
But Nick, being somewhat an adept in rhyme,  
Foresaw what was coming, and vanished in time.

Softly the silver moonlight falls  
Upon the dark grey convent walls,  
Greeting, with melancholy smile,

That lonely and sequestered pile,  
Whose inmates lie in rest profound,  
Types of the wider world around ;  
Though placed in calm seclusion there,  
For deeds of sanctity and prayer.  
Alas ! can convent walls restrain  
The projects of man's burning brain ?  
Will cowl or cassock never hide  
Ambitious lust, or heartless pride ?  
Will guilty thoughts no bosom haunt  
At vesper hymn or matin chaunt ?  
Vain questions—hearts are beating there  
That mock the censor and the prayer—  
Hands that, to youth again restored,  
Had spurned the bead to grasp the  
sword—  
Souls that had bartered heaven above  
For earthly fame or earthly love !  
But there, too, many an aching breast  
Hath sought and found relief and rest,  
And many a bosom's fervid sighs  
Like incense to the Godhead rise !  
The cloister or the palace scan,  
The inmate still of both is—man.

The Sacristan's sleep  
Is placid and deep,

For the good even here some advantages reap ;  
And ill-omened dreams, 'tis said, rarely attack  
Those who find themselves bless'd with good  
conscience and sack.

And as Peter was loth  
To be found without both,  
He slept like a Trojan, you may take your oath.  
The Devil, 'tis true, ev'ry villany tried,  
    His rest to break through,  
    But in vain, 'twouldn't do.

The sack and good conscience his malice defied.  
He pulled off his nightcap, he tickled his nose,  
He roared in his ears, and he pinched at his toes,  
He pitch'd a whole shelf of the fathers o'top of him,  
Enough to make almost a bookseller's shop of him.  
But spite of his tickling, his pinching, his roaring,  
And piling of books, still poor Peter kept snoring—  
Nor awoke till the sound of the loud matin bell  
Called him to his prayers and the Devil to hell.

Sorely in truth is the Devil perplexed,  
Much does he cogitate what to do next.

There's no time for delays,  
For within a few days

His portrait will meet the community's gaze,  
Unless he can manage, in some way or other,  
To soften the heart of that excellent brother ;  
But at length he discovers a famous expedient  
To make the poor monk to his wishes obedient.

Hushed is the sound of the matin peal,  
In the chapel now the brotherhood kneel,  
And the Sacristan bows, with penitent breast,  
Singing his anthems there with the rest ;

When, just at his side,  
Where the rails divide

The chapel choir from the transept wide,  
He hears a sigh,  
And he raises his eye

From the book in his hand, and he turns it awry,  
And he meets the glance of a damsel fair,  
Who kneeleth, too, with her prayer-book there ;

And he can't tell why,  
But he feels rather shy,

That damsel's glance is remarkably sly ;  
He fixes his look

On the leaves of his book ;  
But away from the page they very soon creep,  
Once more at that sly-looking damsels to peep :

And he can't help thinking  
That damsels is winking,

And he feels his own eyelids are funnily blinking ;  
And he singeth *SOL* where it ought to be *SI*,  
And he chuckles with very unclerical glee,  
And he looks in the sly-looking damsels's eyes,  
And she frowns, with an air of extreme surprise,  
And she modestly drops each beautiful lid,  
As if she was sorry for what she did ;

But he sees, all the while,  
A very arch smile,

Which plays round her lips—ah ! the treacherous  
wile :

And he whispers her timidly over the rail,  
And he grows very red, and again very pale ;  
And the damsels, who looked so exceedingly modest,  
Gets on in a way that is really the oddest ;

And, after the matins,  
He puts on her pattens,

And vows that she ought to be dressed out in satins :  
And she bids him good-bye, in such accents bland

That he can't help squeezing her white little hand ;  
But, some of the brotherhood then drawing nigh,  
He's forced to go off with a simple "Good-bye."

'Tis the early dawn, and the stars are fled,  
But the sun hasn't yet appeared in their stead !  
'Tis the early dawn, and slumber's spell,  
Still soothes each monk in his lonely cell—

Each monk, save one,  
Who don't wait for the sun,  
But his morning's work has already begun ;  
The Sacristan Peter I trow is he,  
And busy in truth he seems as a bee—  
Looking half frightened, and yet half elate,  
He's hurriedly packing up vestments and plate,  
Into a sack

Which he throws on his back,  
And stealthily creeps through the postern gate ;  
Creeps through the postern gate, and hard by  
A damsel waits, with an arch-looking eye—  
An arch-looking eye, and well do I ween,  
That eye before hath the Sacristan seen ;  
And she smiles at the pack  
Which he has on his back,

And he gives her lips an exceeding loud smack—  
'Tis odd that a monk could have found out the  
knack—

And then, off together,  
Like birds of a feather,

They go—as if tied with the conjugal tether :  
Oh, isn't it sad that there's nobody by,  
To say to the Sacristan—" Fie, father, fie,  
To elope with a lass with an arch-looking eye ! "

They're gone a short while,  
Scarce have walked half a mile,  
When that arch-looking damsel skips over a stile,  
Crying out to the monk, with a comical smile,  
" Ho, ho ! ho, ho !  
I'd have you to know,  
My old cove, that I've played you a very rum trick,  
For your rascally picture and ill-designed kick ;  
If you must run away  
With a damsel gay,  
Just follow my footsteps, my jolly old brick ! "  
And the Sacristan stands like a stone or a stick,  
And 'tis plain to be seen  
He was wondrously green,

For that arch-looking damsels is clearly Old Nick !

There's a deuce of a noise in the long corridor,  
And very loud steps on the pumice-stoned floor,  
And a very loud kick at each narrow cell door,  
And a voice which exclaims, with so hideous a roar  
That it rouses the monks who most lustily snore,  
"Get up from your beds, for a second don't wait,  
Friar Peter is off through the postern gate,  
And is running away at a terrible rate,  
Taking with him the whole of the vestments and  
plate!"

Up from his bed,  
Full of wonder and dread,  
Jumps ev'ry monk, as if waked from the dead !  
Out in a body they rush to the cell,  
Wherein was wont Friar Peter to dwell !  
No Friar Peter is visible there ;  
Well may they certainly wonder and stare.  
Out to the sacristy breathless they run,  
'Gad he *is* gone off, as sure as a gun !  
Chalice and salver, and rochet and stole,  
Censor and cope he has taken the whole !

They've no time to wait ;  
Through the postern gate  
Off they all run, at a deuce of a rate ;  
Peter must make right good use of his time,  
If they don't catch him before matin chime.

Alack, alack,  
Here they are back,  
They've caught the poor Sacristan bearing his pack,  
Whom it didn't, indeed, cost much trouble to take ;  
For the moment he found out his precious mistake,  
And saw that Old Nick  
Played him off such a trick,  
The stings of remorse came his conscience to prick,  
And fixed the poor man, in a state of despair,  
To the spot where the damsels eloped in the air !  
And now the whole throng  
Drag him rudely along,  
To secure in a dungeon prodigiously strong ;  
For what fate, indeed, can be too ignominious  
To punish a sacrilege so very heinous ?

Oh ! a weary thing is the captive's cell,  
And proud the heart that it cannot quell ;

'Tis sad to list to the timid sigh  
Of the wanton breeze, as it flutters by—  
To mark the light of the midnight stars  
Gleam softly in, through the dungeon bars—  
And to think how many a joyous hearth  
Is ringing loud with the laugh of mirth—  
To feel how many a heart beats high,  
In the worshipped light of the loved one's eye,  
And to know no smile thy lot can bless,  
No loved one soothe with her fond caress,  
No welcome voice, with its accents dear,  
Like music fall on thy lonely ear.  
Alas ! can man, in his direst hate,  
His fellow doom to a darker fate ?  
And, oh ! how far more deep its hue,  
If the wretch it shadows be guilty too !

The Sacristan sits in his dungeon alone,  
Silent and sad on a bench of cut stone,  
And the first hour of night has right wearily flown ;  
When, sudden and quick,  
As a conjuror's trick,  
Starts up before him his enemy, Nick !  
And cries, " My old brick,

You've got yourself into a very odd mess,  
And would like to get out of it vastly, I guess.  
If you come to the terms I proposed t'other night,  
I'll take it upon me to set matters right :  
Confer upon me a presentable shape,  
And in less than an hour you are out of this scrape.  
Refuse if you choose, I'll be off in two two's,  
And few friars, believe me, would stand in your  
shoes,  
So make up your mind, for I've no time to lose."

What can Peter do  
When things look so blue ?

He accepts the proposal—I'm sure so would you.  
And scarce had he done so, when, presto ! he flew  
Through the roof of the prison, and ere he could tell  
What the deuce had occurred—was asleep in his  
cell !

At the matin bell the Sacristan wakes,  
And down to the chapel his way he takes,  
    To the brothers' surprise,  
    Who open their eyes,  
And really can't their amazement disguise.

That he somehow got out  
Of his den there's no doubt,  
But how puts them all in confusion devout.  
But whether he did so by cunning or sin,  
They resolve that again he'll be very soon in,  
And accordingly seize him and bring him once more  
To the villainous dungeon, and open the door.

The door of the cell is unbarred and unlocked ;  
The Abbot has entered—he's surely half cocked !  
His eyelids he rubs, and then opens them wide—  
    He ventures still nearer,  
    Lord, what could be queerer ?  
Friar Peter himself is there sitting inside—  
    Sitting alone,  
    On the bench of cut stone,  
Bitterly sobbing, his fault to atone,  
And looking as contrite, and full of remorse,  
As if he had spavin'd a cardinal's horse !

The Abbot looks posed, so indeed does each monk,  
'Tis not very likely they all should be drunk.

    They're in a sad panic,  
    For something Satanic,

It seems pretty certain, has caused the delusion  
That throws them all into such precious confusion.

'Tis some rascally trick  
Of that infamous Nick ;  
That he might give a handle  
To ill-natured scandal,

And bring disrespect upon cassock and sandal !  
Which the Abbot, at once,  
Being far from a dunce,

Sees into, and—great men are never at fault,  
Cries—" Bring me a jug of cold water and salt !  
And if the old boy is here playing his tricks,  
I'll very soon make him abscond o'er the Styx."

Into the vault  
The water and salt  
Are brought to the Abbot, who fearlessly stands  
In the midst, and the jug takes in both of his hands,  
(For 'tis not very small,  
But a flagon full tall,  
Which the Abbot himself used for taking his malt,)  
And to its contents gives devoutly his benison,  
For it minds him of savoury pasties of venison ;  
By whose side it full often has occupied place,

And the poor Abbot fancies he's now saying  
grace,

Which indeed he begins, in his error, repeating,  
Though the Devil that's there is too hot for his  
eating;

But a titter reminds him of what he's about,  
So he blesses the water, in accents devout,  
Making thus a most anti-satanical drug of it,  
And flings in that mock friar's face the whole  
jug of it !

With a steam,

And a scream,

That bewilder all there,

That duplicate Sacristan jumps in the air !

Not dressed in his habits, but perfectly bare,

With horns and with tail, and two eyeballs that glare,

With a horrible stare,

And he fills the whole place with an odour of brim-  
stone,

That would make rather useful the eye-snuff of Grim-  
stone ;

After quitting his station,

He takes a gyration

In air, which the monks view with deep consternation,

And, while inwardly each most devoutly pronounces  
An ave or two, on the lord-Abbot pounces,

Who gives a loud howl,  
As Old Nick, with a scowl,

Takes him straightway aloft, seizing hold of his cowl,  
As a hawk might fly off with a portly crammed fowl ;  
And says, of the waggery pleasantly tasting—  
“Holy father we’ll *do* you without any basting !”

But—truly lords-Abbot do well to grow fat !

What garments could hold up such mighty obesity ?  
His cincture gives way in a twinkle, God bless it, he

Falls on the floor,  
With a horrible roar,

And lies there extended, not certainly flat—

Which could scarcely be said of a man of his  
weight—

But, rather, in truly a natural state.

Leaving Nicholas only the cowl in his claws,  
Which is perfectly valueless to him, because  
The horns which he carries prevent him from wear-  
ing it,

So his spleen he can gratify only by tearing it ;

Which done, he goes off through a hole in the roof,  
That he makes for himself with a kick of his hoof !

---

And, now that the Devil has gone back to hell,  
There remains of the story the sequel to tell.  
Friar Peter his compact religiously kept,  
And gave Nick a fair likeness that night ere he slept.  
At matins and vespers he ne'er again took  
His glance even once from the leaves of his book ;  
He never sang *SOL* when he ought to sing *SI*,  
He chuckled no more with unclerical glee ;  
And he crossed himself thrice if he chanced to espy  
Any damsel again with an arch-looking eye !

The monks who believed

They were grossly deceived,

And that Nick had himself from the sacristy thieved  
The vestments and plate, in the Sacristan's shape,  
In order to get the poor monk in a scrape,  
In revenge for his well-approved fervour and piety,  
His excellent life and distinguished sobriety ;

Showed him all the respect

That good men can expect,

And, feeling he must be amongst the elect,  
To raise him to temporal rank didn't dare,

Saying well—"The reward of the good is elsewhere!"—

So that, never puffed up with vain-glory or pride,  
In the autumn of years the old Sacristan died.

The Abbot—poor man—being saved, by his fat,  
From a doom which he trembled full frequently at,  
Thought the best way, in future, to shun a like ill  
Was to go on, progressively, fattening still.

He contrived for some years his existence to  
drag on,  
By the aid of his cook and his well-beloved flagon ;  
And at length, having reached to a corpulence  
vast, he

Died saying grace o'er a huge venison pasty !



## THE CURSE OF KISHOGE: A KILLARNEY STORY.

[The reader, if unacquainted with the legendary lore of Killarney, must be apprized that the lakes are represented by it to have had their origin in the overflowing of a fairy fountain, which it was necessary to cover with a particular stone slab, whenever water was drawn from it. On one occasion this was forgotten, causing the catastrophe in question, whereby the palace and city of the O'Donoghue, the great Chieftain of the Glens, became submerged, but without destroying the existence of their inhabitants ; and, as every tourist in the beautiful district learns, the Chief himself makes regular midnight progresses, on his "milk-white steed," with a numerous escort of retainers, through the enchanting region of which every stream and rock is associated with his name and sovereignty.]



N Kerry there once lived a comical  
youth,  
As ever the "Kingdom" gave birth to  
in truth :

Oh ! he was the lad with the lasses in vogue,  
And could say "Thurum pogue !?"\*  
With as coaxing a brogue

---

\* "Give me a kiss!"

As e'er softened the heart of a sweet “ colleenoge.”\*  
The name he rejoiced in was Paddy Kishoge,

And 'tis he that would tope,  
'Spite of parson or pope ;

It would frighten Sir Wilfred to see his mouth ope !  
By the powers of delph †

Father Mathew himself,

Among all his disciples, ne'er met such a swiper.

Had he brought the worst rascal  
That ever used cask ill,

Kishoge would have drunk him as drunk as a piper.  
'Twould gladden the heart of the veriest grumbler  
To see how he swallowed down tumbler on tumbler ;

Of “ frigidum sine,”  
Or brandy, or wine, he

Would quaff as a fish does of sea-water briny !

But the pure Irish “ native ”  
Was what he loved best ;  
As the draught most creative  
Of humour and jest.

---

\* A young girl.

† Vulgarly supposed to allude to the ware so designated ;  
but clearly intended for Apollo, whose oracle was at Delphi,  
and with whom, possibly, his sister Diana was united in a  
sort of joint sovereignty.

For he was the boy that loved frolic and fun ;

Though his practical jokes  
Gave offence to some folks ;  
And more cronies than one  
Said that, ere he'd have done,

He'd "dance on the tight-rope as sure as a gun ;"  
Or, at least, at the public expense cross the water.  
But the hints that were given of the rope or the  
cruise, meant

To lessen his frolicsome love of amusement,  
Were but thrown to the wind,  
For the "innocent mind,"

As the adage says, "always diversion can find ;"—  
And so 'twas with Pat, who was ne'er at a loss,

But, from pitch and toss,  
Took all in the ring as it came, to manslaughter,  
And, should the occasion his humour provoke,  
Would just as soon crack you a head as a joke ;  
Or indeed, as 'twould seem from his history, on  
reference,

For the cracking of heads he had sometimes a  
preference.

How calmly does the twilight hour

Descend on rock, and stream, and flow'r !  
How gently does departing day  
Steal from the wearied world away—  
Which, hushed awhile its cares and woes,  
Sinks softly to its brief repose !  
So steals away, with noiseless foot,  
And even her very breathing mute,  
The anxious mother, from the bed

On which her slumb'ring babe reposes,  
As if nought firmer met her tread  
Than carpets formed of summer roses,—  
And glances timidly about,

Ere yet she turns the room door handle,  
For fear the urchin should cry out—

“ Mamma don't take away the candle ” !  
Yes, beautiful, in every clime,  
Thou comest, blessed evening time !  
But nowhere hold'st thou gentler reign  
Than on the shores of calm Lough Lane :  
And night thou comest lovelier still  
Upon that land of lake and hill ;  
That region that romance and song  
Have lent their hallowed charm to, long !  
How often have I marked the scene,

Illumined by thy lamp serene,  
Shedding its soft and mournful smile  
On Innisfallen's lovely isle ;  
Whence, glittering o'er the waters bright,  
Its radiance made a track of light,  
Seeming a spirit's path, that led  
Towards where the calm and sainted dead  
In tranquil solitude recline,  
By hallowed Muckross' lonely shrine ;  
While Mangerton, Glena, and Torc\*  
Stood, with their leafy banners furl'd,  
As if to keep heaven's fairest work  
Shut in from all the stormier world ;  
And Carran Tual, bleak and bare,  
Frowned, Monarch of the purple air !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! 'tis the midnight hour,  
When over the lake,  
And no mistake,  
O'Donoghue comes with his fairy power ;  
At the top of his speed,

---

\* The names of three of the principal Killarney mountains, of which Carran Tual, mentioned below, is another, and the loftiest in Ireland.

On his milk-white steed,  
He rides to visit his lady's bower !  
But who marks him now, as he gallops along,  
On his milk-white steed, with that fairy throng ?

Ah, who but the rogue,  
Honest Paddy Kishoge,  
Who greets the Chief in his own sweet brogue :  
For Pat, too, had "spirits" to aid him that  
night,  
And fairy or devil he'd venture to fight,  
So he cries out—" Halloo !  
My bold O'Donoghue,  
By my soul that's a mighty nate cut of a nag !  
Though you ride the poor baste  
At such villainous haste,  
It must make your divarsion a deuce of a fag ;  
And begorra you'd go at a different rate  
If your colt was fronting a five-barred gate."

The Prince  
Gave a wince,  
At this sally of Pat ;  
Then, pausing awhile,  
With an amiable smile,

Said—"I'll ride against you for a wager, that's flat!"

And, checking his steed, he pulled up his rein,  
On the grassy margin of Muckross demesne.

"Faith your honour," said Pat, "I'd not ax better fun,

And, if you'll only get me a horse, I say 'done.'"

"A horse!" cried the chieftain, "just mount on the back

Of yon courser black,

And ride with me o'er yon mountain track ;

And, if you but stick to your nag to-night,  
And gallop with me till morning's light,

I'll make you a present, my boy, of the hack."

" Begorra," said Pat, in a comical tone,

" A body would think that the baste was your own ;  
But I'll not be done so confoundedly brown."

" My own," cried the Prince, with a wrathful frown,  
And a glance of ire on Paddy he darts

" I'd have you to know that I'm king in these parts ;

And whate'er I bestow,  
At the midnight hour,  
No mortal below  
To recall it hath power."

"Faix, your rev'rence," said Paddy, a trifle confused  
By the solemn tone that the chieftain used,

"Your pardon I ax,  
Most humbly, and —"

“Pax”

"Vobiscum! my friend," says the Chief, "Take the  
nag,  
And let's go, for I can't afford longer to lag."

So, without more ado,  
Away rode the two,  
Like rival Nims., at a view halloo ;  
The hoofs of their steeds scarce brushing the dew  
From the grassy turf, as o'er it they flew,  
And in half a jiffey were both out of view.

Morning rises in beauty and bloom o'er the lake,  
And the lark's merry carols the echoes awake !  
The grouse in the heather are calling their young,

'Mid the dew-bathed brushwood the beagle gives  
tongue ;

The mists are ascending that curtained the hills,  
And down to the lake rush the musical rills !

No oar has yet broken the water's repose,  
But the sun on its beauties a timid look throws,  
Like the eye of the lover, his anxious watch keeping  
O'er the girl he adores, as he steals on her sleeping,  
And fears that his kiss may too rudely awaken  
The lovely repose that his glance has o'er taken !

But where is the Chief who sped, last night,  
On his milk-white steed, o'er its surface bright ?

At the cock's first crow,

Full three hours ago,

Himself and his suite descended below ;  
And there in his halls the veteran Chief  
Is discussing his breakfast of ham and cold beef,  
Eggs, coffee, and rolls,

Kidneys grilled on the coals,

And salmon fresh toasted on stakes of arbutus ;  
Of which—the digression no reader need grudge—  
I once heard a bishop remark to a judge—  
The distinction is just, and not merely capricious—

“ ‘Tis excellent cold, judge, and hot ‘tis delicious!”

I defy all the inns,

(Then the chief one was Finn’s),

To get up a breakfast that better would suit us ;

While on rashers and ale

The attendants regale,

And, despite Cobbett’s vetos,

Attack the potatoes,

With a vigour would make poor old Malthus grow pale.

For hard was their ride, over hill and thro’ brake,  
Since last with their chieftain they sped o’er the lake.

---

A trumpeter rides thro’ the town of Tralee,

With his “ rum-tiddi-iddi-iddi-iddi-ee—

Tiddi-ee-tiddi-iddi-dee-dee ! ”

And behind him is walking a liveried band,  
Each with scarlet plush breeches and halbert in hand,

While following these are twelve mounted dragoons,  
All burnished and brilliant, like new silver spoons.

Not together they ride ;

But six on each side

Of two carriages rolling in dignified pride,  
The horses of which, as the pavement they paw,  
Show they feel it a personal honour to draw  
From their lodgings the two learned judges at  
law :

And, to close the procession, some bare-legged  
boys

Are running, and making a deuce of a noise,  
And thinking, no doubt, that 'tis excellent sport  
To see the King's judges proceeding to Court ;  
While some juryman, scalded in hastening his  
breakfast,

Wishes each of them had in a halter his neck  
fast.

The Court is sitting, in solemn wig,  
And looking with law and gravity big !  
The Clerk of the Crown the jury has sworn,  
On a testament kissed till its covers are worn ;  
The counsel and agents are taking their places,  
Some reading the news, and some conning their  
cases ;  
The reporters are nibbing their pens, to take  
notes ;

The witnesses coughing and clearing their throats ;  
And, just at nine, by the Court-House clock,  
The Crown commences to clear the dock.

The dock ! and seems it then absurd  
To pause upon this vulgar word ?—  
Ah ! shall we pass unheeded by  
The pallid lip, the sunken eye,  
The haggard cheek, the changing air,  
From trembling hope to mute despair ?  
The brow which guilt has furrowed long ?  
The wretch by misery forced to wrong ?  
And, sadder still, the guiltless one,  
By dark suspicion frowned upon ?—  
There, in that den of sin and shame,  
Half-branded with the felon's name ;  
There, listening to the careless jest,  
That wins to laughter all the rest ;  
There—without one consoler near,  
To whisper comfort to the ear ;  
His fate consigned to judgments frail,  
With whom a breath might turn the scale ;  
Alas ! if misery dwells below,  
This is her darkest den of woe !

But, who stands there,  
With his brawny neck bare,  
And his twinkling eye and his curling hair?  
Faith, 'tis Paddy himself,  
The unfortunate elf;  
His cheek is not blanched by the dank prison  
air;  
But, in truth, he seems something the worse for  
the wear,  
Since the night of his ride,  
By the lake's glassy side,  
When with its proud chief he in horsemanship vied.  
And now in that dock he stands given in charge—  
(I don't mean to print the indictment at large,  
Which consists of six counts,  
But in substance amounts  
To) "that on the night of September the first,  
He, moved by old Nick, took and carried away,  
A black horse, slightly marked on the shoulder with  
grey,  
From the close of J. H. Esquire, of whom said  
beast  
Was the property, and worth full five pounds at  
least"

To which Pat is permitted to plead as he durst.

“What say you—guilty or not?” said the clerk.

“Not guilty!” says Pat,

Looking merry, whereat

The brows of a burly old juror grow dark,

As if he were thinking “that’s all round my hat.”

The trial proceeds,

When the prisoner pleads,

And the senior crown counsel sets forth his  
misdeeds;

Then calls Jerry O’Flynn,

Who is shortly brought in,

And sits in the witnesses’ chair, with a grin.

After kissing the book first, and crossing his chin,  
He proceeds, with some circumlocution, to swear

“That he went to a fair

On September the third, in the town of Kenmare,  
And met the black horse with the prisoner there,  
Who admitted he took it from Muckross demesne.”

“On his oath is quite sure the horse isn’t a mare.”

“Wasn’t drunk,” “has no grudge to the prisoner,”  
and “swore

The very same thing when examined before.”  
After giving a few answers more in this strain,  
The witness is told by the Court to go down,  
And the case is closed on the part of the Crown.

There’s a pause in the Court—no counsel is there,  
To take the poor prisoner under his care,  
Who wears all the time a most innocent air ;  
But, after a couple of moments’ delay,  
He’s asked by the Court has he nothing to say ?

“ To say, your worship !” cries Pat, in amaze,  
And full on his lordship he fixes his gaze ;  
“ I’ve to say that the horse that I stole was my  
own ! ”

And so he proceeds, in a comical tone,  
    To tell of his ride  
        From Lough Lane’s side,  
Over mountain and valley and rivulet wide,  
Till even O’Donoghue’s mettle was tried,  
And he verily thought he himself should have  
died ;

    But the crow of the cock  
        Gave the chieftain a shock,

And away he rode home over mountain and rock ;  
Leaving Paddy alone,  
Most confoundedly blown,  
With the horse, which 'twas perfectly clear was his  
own !

Paddy's story is done,  
Which causes much fun ;  
But calls up a grave frown on the visage of one,  
Like a very black fog coming over the sun.  
Alas ! 'tis the judge o'er whose visage that gloom  
Came, like a forewarning of Paddy's sad doom.  
But gloomier still were the words that he spoke  
When the silence he broke,  
With an ominous croak,  
Like a very hoarse raven beginning to choke—

“Unfortunate prisoner ! how dare you presume  
Such a cloak of hypocrisy here to assume,  
And braving the perils that round you you draw,  
Thus outrage the solemn proceedings of law !  
Do you think, wretched man, that such stupid  
vagaries,  
Such tales of dead chieftains, and wandering fairies,

Will have weight with this Court? Oh remember  
you stand

With an awful eternity looming at hand,  
If found guilty, as guilty you sure must be found,  
By that jury." "You gentlemen," turning around  
And addressing the jury, "have heard what a  
case

Has been made 'gainst the prisoner, nor need I  
retrace

The evidence given, as there can't be a doubt  
That the charges against him are fully borne out ;  
And as his wild statement to nothing amounts,  
You'll of course find him guilty on all the six  
counts."

And thus having said, with a Cato-like air,  
The judge sinks back in his great arm-chair.

Alas ! that terrible speech was not "Vox  
Et præterea nihil." Without leaving the box—  
However the story one's common sense shocks—

The jury a verdict of guilty bring in ;  
Whereat Jerry O'Flynn  
Improves on his grin ;  
While the foreman, meantime, with the air of a Percy,

Recommends, most sublimely, the prisoner to mercy.

The speech of the foreman comes like a slap  
In the face to that surly old judge, or a clap  
Of thunder, or some other fearful mishap !

To think that a chap

Thus caught, in the trap

Of the law, should get off through a rascally gap,  
As if old Dame Justice were taking a nap !

No ! long as he's there,

He'll take excellent care

They shan't treat her in any way else than is fair !  
So without more ado he puts on his black cap,

And turns to the dock,

Where, firm as a rock,

Poor Paddy Kishoge seems his lordship to mock,  
As he thinks " How I'd like to be giving a knock  
On the pate to that cold-blooded surly old cock ! "  
But " Silence ! " is cried, and his lordship begins  
To admonish the prisoner, respecting his sins.

We wish we had by us  
This homily pious ;  
But the very first word

Seemed to Pat so absurd,  
Though we hope no one else in the Court-House  
concurred,  
That he cried "By your lave  
Just give over that stave,  
And come to the business at once, my old lad!"

"Wretched man," said the judge,  
"Don't imagine I grudge  
"To be sneered at by one so abandoned and bad.  
"Tis my duty, alas !  
A severe one, to pass  
Upon you the sentence, deserved though dread,  
To go back to the same  
Prison-cell whence you came,  
And then to be hanged by the neck till you're  
dead !  
And when you're cut down, to prevent resurrection,  
To the doctors your body must go for dissection!"

On the Court-House roof all day there sits  
A gentleman, seemingly out of his wits,  
He's seized now and then with such comical fits :  
Yet none, engaged in that busy scene,

Either hear him, or see him, or mark him, I ween.

He laugheth aloud,

But unheard by the crowd ;

Now he rubbeth his hands, and now deep in his  
pockets

He thrusts them, and rolls his red eyes in their  
sockets ;

Now his tongue he sticks out,

Puts his thumb to his snout :

But, at length and at last,

When sentence is past,

Shouts “Well done, my old boy, you’re a regular  
brick !

’Tis a capital joke,

“ Faith, to see a man choke,

And swing from a rope’s end, and merrily kick,  
By jingo that’s what *I* call fun !” says Old Nick.

Alas ! how humanity shudders to think

On the victim who stand by eternity’s brink,

While the bright hopes of youth still their freshness  
impart,

And the life-blood is still gushing wild from the  
heart !

While the vigour of manhood yet glows in the frame,  
Ere one flicker has wasted the free spirit's flame!  
Oh ! if death has a pang for the bosom outworn,  
Half whose ties to existence already are torn ;  
How deep to the soul must its anguish be sent,  
When at one fatal blow ev'ry heart-string is rent!  
Just God ! can we think there was ever an hour  
When man so outrageously scoffed at Thy power,  
As to crush by his sentence Thy image sublime,  
For deeds which to pity seems scarcely a crime ;  
And impiously hope in Thy judgments to gain  
That mercy a brother had sued for in vain !

How blithesome is Spring,  
With her birds on the wing ;  
Making all the bright heavens with melody ring,  
While the young flowers to Zephyr their fragrancy fling !

But, alas ! in a brown,  
Dingy, rascally, town,  
Where everything wears a detestable frown,  
'Twere merrier either to hang or to drown  
Than be walking the listless old paths up and down !

But, this stir in the streets,  
And the crowd that one meets  
Wheresoever one goes, show there's something,  
to-day,  
That makes all Tralee look uncommonly gay.

By Jove—I'm not wrong,  
Look, here comes a throng !  
A solemn procession is moving along.  
There are countrymen dressed in freize coats and  
“caubeens,”\*  
Fish women, and vendors of brocoli and greens,  
And rosy-cheeked peasant girls just in their teens,  
And shop-boys who take great delight in such scenes,  
And soldiers with sabres,  
That glitter like ghebers,  
And the bare-legged boys,  
Who made such a noise,—  
And one feels very anxious to know what it means.

Alas ! the crowd nears ;  
Too true are our fears ;

---

\* Antiquated “tiles.”

Poor Paddy Kishoge in the middle appears ;  
He looks pale, but 'tis plain that he's shedding no  
tears ;

No, still in his eye  
Lurks that twinkle so sly,

Which seems very queer in one going to die ;  
But I guess that he'll alter his looks by-and-by,  
When they place him a little bit nearer the sky.

On, on, the crowd draws ;  
But hold—there's a pause !

The people are halting—what can be the cause ?  
What seeketh that victim of barbarous laws ?  
He asks for a tumbler of strong whiskey punch,  
To wash down the biscuit he had for his lunch !

All open their eyes,  
With a look of surprise,  
As we gaze on a hero who gloriously dies.

The tumbler is brought ;  
One short moment of thought

Paddy gives to the bowl with old memories fraught ;  
Then cries—as the brilliant idea he caught—  
“ May the mean-hearted dog, that abandons his bottle,

Dance his merriest jig with a rope round his  
throttle !”

Ere a bed-post could twinkle the draught is gone  
down,

And on the procession moves slow through the town.

The streets are still, the throng has past,  
The fatal tree is reached at last.  
With bandaged brow and fettered hands,  
The culprit on the scaffold stands ;  
Above, the calm and placid sky  
Extends its sun-lit canopy ;  
The breathless crowd stand mute below ;  
The hangman draws—

“ Hallo, hallo !”

What's all this confusion ? Does any one know ?  
And why do the people all run to and fro ?  
A horseman rides on at the top of his speed,  
And kicks at the sides of his broken-down steed.  
He shouts, and his words are caught up by the  
crowd—

“ A reprieve ! a reprieve !” is re-echoed aloud,  
’Twould make a dead man almost jump from his  
shroud !

The bolt is undrawn, the bandage pulled off,  
The prisoner comes to himself, with a cough,  
For he *did* get a squeeze in the gullet. The rope  
Is unloosed, and the hangman expresses a hope  
That, as he got out of his hands so, by stealth,  
He'd give him a trifle to drink to his health.

The crowd goes away,  
As contented and gay,  
As if nothing at all interfered with the play  
They had looked for, so wistfully, all through the  
day.

#### MORAL.

If Paddy had not paused to take  
A draught, for old acquaintance sake,  
His fate for tears would call on us.  
Then let us never churlish pass  
Untasted by the cheerful glass,  
Lest that his “curse” should fall on us.



# THE PAGE & THE MARQUIS.

A LEGEND OF FERRARA.

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HE Marquis of Este is haggard and wan ;  
The lustre that beamed in his dark eye  
is gone ;  
And vainly his grief do they seek to  
beguile ;

The Marquis of Este forgets how to smile.

Yet flashed once that dark eye the wildest in  
mirth,

And the jest on his lip had the happiest birth ;  
What now, while his youth's in its first summer  
bloom,

Has clouded its sun with this shadow of gloom ?

Not love—he but sipped of the cup at its brim,  
And the poison beneath was untasted by him ;

Not envy—in person, in station, in fame,  
To rank with the proudest the Marquis can claim.

But to say how the page of his life met this blot,  
'Tis a round-about way to tell how it did not ;  
Besides, 'tis a method that's grown somewhat stale,  
So instead, if you please, we'll proceed with his  
tale.

In the Castle of Este there dwelt, it appears,  
While the Marquis was quite in his juvenile years,  
    A smart little page,  
    Rather merry than sage,  
But still an exceeding sharp lad for his age.  
Indeed he was one of the drollest of bricks,  
    And played numerous tricks,  
For which he got fewer “baiocchi” than kicks.  
The name which he bore was Antonio Cappello,  
And he was, in truth, as good-humoured a fellow  
As ever wore doublet of blue, slashed with yellow ;  
And, beyond any question, the Castle of Este  
Never saw a more comical youth, in its best day ;  
    The Marquis and he  
    Had full many a spree,

When the warm blood of youth in their veins  
bounded free.

Each seemed to the other  
Almost like a brother ;

And, as they grew up, even time could not smother  
The strong recollections  
Of boyish affections,

Which, spite of the Marquis's rank and connexions,  
Made him bear from Antonio many a joke,  
Which his pride would have punished in most other  
folk ;

And still, in his intercourse with him, to blend  
With the rank of the master, the tone of the friend,  
While Antonio felt so much regard for his master  
That he'd shield him at risk of his life from disaster ;  
And their mutual interest vanished not when  
The master and servant had both become men.

Bright Italy ! for ever dear,  
To whosoe'er has heart and eyes,  
Whatever be the enchanted guise  
In which thy charms appear !  
Whether we mark thy earlier hour  
Of grandeur, majesty, and power,

Whose trophies still exist sublime,  
As whetstones for the scythe of Time ;  
Or view thy softer looks displayed,  
In loveliness alone arrayed !  
Sweet Hebe of the Earth ! whose rill  
Of classic lore is bubbling still,  
To cool the parched and fervid lip  
Of whosoe'er will turn aside,  
From vulgar haunts of wealth and pride,  
Its pure and tranquil wave to sip !  
Shrine of the arts—and where, oh where  
Does Nature dwell in forms more fair ?  
Where prouder towers the snow-capp'd height ?  
Where flows the sparkling rill more bright ?  
Where laughs the landscape more by day ?  
Where reigns the night with softer sway ?  
Where beams an eye of deeper jet  
Than flashes 'neath thy “fazzolet” ?  
Where sits the heart upon its throne  
So firmly as beneath thy zone ?—  
Alas ! why must the “serpent’s trail”  
Amid thy flow’rets still prevail ?  
But so it is, we must confess,  
With all that you can give to bless ;

You've got two horrid ills to plague you,  
The tertian and the quartan ague !

So, alas ! beyond doubt  
Has the Marquis found out :

Until now he had ever been as "sound as a trout,"

But he sighs, and he groans,  
From the pains in his bones ;

His woes might indeed extract pity from stones ;

He swears at the doctors,  
As wicked concoctors

Of physic, more dire, by a hundred degrees,  
Than the veriest ills which result from disease ;  
And vows that if one of them sends him a bottle,  
He'll pour the contents of it down his own throttle ;

So they all stay away,  
As indeed well they may,

And gravely enough to each other they say—  
"If we go near the Marquis, he's got so obstre-  
perous,  
By the bones of old Galen, he'll certainly pepper us!"

Now the medical sages,  
In those middle ages,

To say truth, were not folk of such very great science,  
To induce one to place on them wondrous reliance ;  
And any man skilled in the doctrines of Harvey  
Outshines them as much as a state-coach a jarvey ;  
Though none could have hoped for a progress so  
huge

As Morrison curing the world with gamboge ;  
While Du Barry as loudly proclaims—"No more  
pills!"

And prescribes "Revalenta" for all human ills.

But this is digressing,  
A matter distressing

To readers, which won't bring me many a blessing.

The doctors, I've said,  
In those days were not bred

In a manner upon them much lustre to shed ;  
And if one of them now were to rise from the dead,  
I'm certain there is not in Europe a college  
Where he'd get a diploma for medical knowledge,  
Or those ominous titles which people express  
By an L.R.C.P. or an M.R.C.S. !

Yet, somehow, whatever their absence of skill,  
They fell now and then upon remedies still ;

And had hit on one cure,  
Which was found pretty sure,  
In cases of ague, to set matters right,  
Namely, giving the patient a deuce of a fright ;  
And that trusty poor fellow,  
Antonio Cappello,  
On hearing it, made up his mind, in a minute,  
That he'd try very quickly what virtue was in it ;  
Blessing fate for detecting so famous a stroke  
As curing his lord by a practical joke !

'Tis a sultry noon,  
In the middle of June,  
And the smooth wave glows, in the burning light  
Of the hot sun's gaze,  
Whose parch'd lips blaze,  
As he fiercely quaffs of its waters bright !

'Tis a sultry noon,  
A glorious boon  
To the Marquis, who looks an exceeding "gone  
'coon."

As he stands to be done,  
Like a steak, in the sun,  
Which all but himself most religiously shun !

But, spite of his baking,  
He's shivering and shaking,  
As he looks on the tide,  
Upon which there glide  
A barge or two, whose keels divide  
The molten wave, and the folk inside,  
Tis clear, must be demons doomed to be fried,  
Floating on for aye on that burning river ;  
And the Marquis looks and begins to shiver,  
As he thinks (being baked to the substance of brick)  
How much to be envied is elderly Nick !

Like the lightning's flash,  
With a plunge and a splash,  
Into the river he goes, slap dash !  
Souse to the bottom,  
Like a hippopotam-  
Us, ere you'd glance at your fingers and tot 'em !  
Up to the top  
Comes his head, like a mop,  
For of hair he has got an exceeding good crop ;  
And he opens his mouth, and he shouts "Aiuto !"  
Which brings to his aid those same barges of Pluto,  
(From demons or men he's not likely to spurn it)

And he's hauled up exceedingly like a "soused gurnet,"

And he looks around,

Not a trace can be found

Of the villain by whom he so nearly was drown'd,  
But he's taken home, and he's put into bed,  
And they scrub him, and tie up in flannels his head ;  
And he finds, to his joy and surprise, that immersion  
Has banished completely his villainous tertian !

But alas ! there's a sad, a desperate charge,  
Made by the people who sailed in the barge,

'Gainst Antonio Cappello ;

They swear he's the fellow

Who pitch'd in the Marquis, and there's a reward  
Offer'd for taking him now by his lord ;

Who vows, in his fury,

(And he's judge and jury)

That the moment the crime to the monster he  
tracks,

Off shall his noddle be chopped by the axe !

Two days go by, and lo ! on the third  
Antonio appears, as if nought had occurred ;

And when he is seized, and put under arrest,  
He vows the whole matter was only a jest,  
For curing the Marquis ; and on his discovery  
That the plot had effected his perfect recovery,  
He returned, as they saw, which he would not have  
done

It was clear, if the dip had been other than fun.

To the Marquis they bring him, but, somehow, his  
tale

With his lordship appears but of little avail.  
He listens, and says—with unpitying eye—  
“ Antonio Cappello, to-morrow, you die ! ”

No word Antonio’s lip replies ;  
They bear him off with downcast eyes,  
Unquivering lip, and placid face,  
Where none may one emotion trace.  
That doubt of *him* could ever cross  
His master’s mind is thought so new,  
That with it comes an utter loss  
Of feeling what to speak or do.

That treachery should be deemed to dwell  
Within that breast, whose honest swell

Told of emotions warm and true,  
As ever manhood's bosom knew—  
Those callous words, that stony glance,  
Have bound him in a fearful trance ;—  
Come death itself, it can but be  
Release from this worst agony !

The morrow comes, nor smiles the less,  
That misery's eye must meet its ray  
When would it smile, if man's distress  
Could scare its glorious light away ?  
The hours glide on—in Este's court,  
The crowds have met to hail the sport,  
Which coldly yields a brother's life,  
Up to the headsman's gory knife ;  
The castle's arching vaults resound,  
To groups of gazers gathering round,  
Who listlessly the moments while,  
With careless chat, and jest, and smile.  
Though death amongst them soon shall  
come,  
The thought strikes not one coward dumb—  
That death they mark unshrinking—why ?  
It threatens only one to die.

If pestilence from out that crowd  
Wrapped but one victim in his shroud ;  
If riot, with disordered blow,  
Struck but one bleeding brawler low ;  
Within that court-yard's narrow pale  
How many a craven wretch would quail !  
And oh ! at that approaching sight,  
How many a spirit brave in fight,  
Or fearless in disease's clutch,  
Would sicken from compassion's touch !  
Yet sights like this are still allowed  
As lessons for the gaping crowd !\*

The hour is come—unbarred the cell !  
Upon the gloomy scaffold stand,  
One to whose breast these signs fortell  
An hour of deeper calm at hand,  
And one whose arm shall soon release  
A troubled soul, and give it peace !  
They pause—across Antonio's eyes  
The headsman now the bandage ties,

---

\* The system of public execution, it must be remembered, was still in vogue, when these lines were written.

And, as to earth his orbs he seals,  
Beside the block the victim kneels,  
With neck outstretched to meet the blow  
That ends his griefs or joys below.

The signal is made ! 'Tis the axe that descends,  
On the neck of the wretch that was led forth to  
slaughter !

Is it thus ? No, the headsman but over him bends,  
And pours on his neck a few drops of cold water !

At the joke

All the folk

Who expected the stroke

For an instant are mute, with the sudden surprise,

And then give a shout that ascends to the skies ;  
And the Marquis himself, who is there in  
disguise,

Flings it off and says, "Come, friend Antonio,  
rise !"

But how strange—the poor youth neither stirs nor  
replies !

The Marquis comes near, with a strange sort of  
dread,

And shakes him—alas, poor Antonio is dead !

---

The tale is told : since that sad hour,  
In Este's hall or Este's bower,  
The lord of Este, once so gay,  
In silent sadness droops away ;  
Age on his brow has left no trace,  
But youth seems frozen in his face,  
And in his heart life's ruby rill  
Is colder far than age can chill.  
He meant not ill, but cannot shun  
The shade of that which he hath done ;  
Nor till he sleeps his final sleep,  
Will time his memory kindly steep  
In sweet forgetfulness of all  
Which must that fatal scene recall.  
But life, however long its span,  
Must mark him still—a wretched man !



## THE WITCH OF KILKENNY.

---



IGHT reigns ! On Ormonde's castle  
walls

Serenely soft the moonlight falls,  
As, high above the “ stubborn Newre,”  
They stand in solid strength secure.

All idly now its turrets rise—

All idly now its strength defies—

No hostile clans, with hope elate,

Come thundering to its massive gate.

No watchful eyes, that dare not sleep,

From battlement and loop-hole peep.

No more the tramp of warder's tread,

Beats time above the chieftain's head.

No more at night the wassail-din

Of men-at-arms is heard within ;

Nor morning rudely breaks repose,

With onslaught loud of storming foes.

No more—but could those three old towers,\*  
Now sentried round with smiling flowers,  
Tell of the deeds they've seen and braved,  
Since first war's tempests round them raved—  
The glory, havoc, smiles, and tears,  
Of full six hundred stormy years—  
A mightier lesson would they preach  
Than pen or tongue of man can teach !  
Silent are they—but still we learn  
That lord, and gallowglass, and kern,  
Whose strife oft made Newre's crystal flood  
Grow purple red with human blood,  
Have passed at length from earth away,  
As passed its wave of yesterday.  
And still the smiling earth is green,  
And still the arching heaven serene,  
And still the river glides along,  
And still the wild bird wakes his song,  
And still the noon-day sun is bright,  
And still the stars shine out at night,

---

\* Three towers of the old castle of Kilkenny, built in 1195 by William Lord Pembroke, still remain, and form part of the present edifice. They have, however, been so renovated, to suit the modern parts of the building, that, unfortunately, no external trace of their antiquity is discernible.

All things to bless and brighten life  
Still lavished, by the hand of God,  
As if the curse of human strife  
Had never marred the lovely sod :  
All things proclaiming man has still  
The means, if he but have the will,  
To make himself a godlike fate !  
This lesson sure is not too late.

If my father had made me a parson or lawyer,  
At either profession I'd be a "top-sawyer."

And at times, as a rhymester,  
I make a sublime stir;

But the deuce of it is I've a dash of frivolity,  
That sends me unconsciously off into jollity :

That piece of advice  
Is almost beyond price,

Were it not 'tis my own, I'd say of the best quality.

But though I began  
As a rational man,

And meant to be serious throughout all the rest of  
it—

I'll be hanged if I can—so you must make the best  
of it.

To begin, then, once more :  
On the banks of the Nore  
Is the castle of Ormonde, I spoke of before—  
(I then called Nore “ Newre,” and ’tis so called by  
Spenser,  
'Tis right to explain—I'll begin now again, sir—  
I beg pardon—I should have said, Madam or  
Miss,  
For my readers are chiefly the ladies I wis)—  
A very old castle—and lest you may doubt it,  
I shall tell you a little *en passant* about it:  
It was Richard de Clare  
Built the first castle there,  
Known more widely as Strongbow, (his famed *nom de  
guerre*,)  
In one thousand one hundred and seventy-two,  
(And of course in that year the old castle was new).  
I should think 'twas Kilkenny black marble un-  
polished,  
But Donald O'Brien the fabric demolished,  
So we can't in fact say  
What 'twas built of, to-day ;  
For Donald left of it no stone, brick, or rafter—  
It was re-built, however, some twenty years after,

By William lord Pembroke, (and likewise lord Marshal,  
To historic detail I'm exceedingly partial),  
Whose heirs, it appears,  
Held it two hundred years,  
(Giving plentiful work to the family cutlers),  
When 'twas purchased by James, then the head of  
the Butlers,  
From Thomas le Spencer, whose grandfather Hugh  
By marriage got that, and an earldom, too,  
Since which time the Ormondes have held it as  
masters,  
Right bravely, through various mishaps and disasters ;  
And even old Noll found it no easy matter  
The garrison into surrender to batter ;  
And was going to march off "as mad as a hatter,"  
When the base corporation,  
In dire consternation,  
Walked out with the keys of their town on a platter,  
And the valiant defence of the gallant Sir Walter  
Was marred by the fears of some funky drysalter.\*

---

\* The castle of Ormonde was held so resolutely by the garrison, commanded by Sir Walter Butler, against the assaults of Cromwell, that the latter was on the point of

Now the different facts that here I have told  
I've but stated to show that the castle is old,  
At least three towers which still survive,  
Since eleven hundred and ninety-five,  
And might have witnessed some devilish tricks,  
**In thirteen hundred and twenty-six,**  
At which time the date of my tale I fix.  
In fact there can't be the slightest doubt,

If those turrets grey

Could only say

What wonderful things they've seen in their day,  
That they'd bear the truth of my story out.

And now, *hey presto!* five centuries back  
Fly we, as fleet as the lightning's track ;  
And sit we alone, at the midnight hour,  
Under the shade of the eastern tower !

Hey ! to the shade of the battlement strong,  
Close by the city which boasts in its song,

---

raising the siege, when the keys of the English town (the portion of Kilkenny adjoining the castle) were surrendered to him, through the fears of the citizens ; whereupon Sir Walter, finding his position commanded, was forced to abandon his defence of the castle.

‘ Fire without smoke—air without fog—  
‘ Water without mud, and land without bog.’

---

Silent the sleeping city lies,  
Under the veil of the shadowy skies ;  
Slumber has sealed the citizens’ eyes ;  
But, with many, the nose  
Takes no sort of repose ;  
But its trumpet all night most melodiously blows.—  
By the way ’tis exceedingly queer, on my word it is,  
That folk, when asleep, do all sorts of absurdities,  
Kick, snore, whistle, grin, throw their pillows and  
clothes about,  
While the freaks they commit not a soul of ’em  
knows about ;  
And often at night, when I’m vagabondising,  
(I use the word here in its literal sense  
Of wandering about), where the houses are dense,  
I think over and over, ’tis very surprising,  
That around me lie folk of all ranks and conditions,  
Boxed up by the thousand in comic positions,  
Some in slumber profound—some in vigilant  
dozes,  
And nothing at all to be seen but their noses !

But a truce to philosophy—excellent muse—  
The cits of Kilkenny are taking their snooze,  
And all, except noses and spirits of ill,  
Neath the shadows of midnight are tranquil and still.

But some there are who taste not sleep,  
But a wicked midnight vigil keep,  
A wicked vigil, for spirits of ill  
And they who commune with them keep it still.

Alone, alone,  
By her grey hearth-stone,  
Haggard and grim sits a queer old crone,  
There by her hearth-stone with never a fender,  
Grimly she sits like the old witch of Endor ;  
(One of the sex that we speak of as “ tender ! ”  
But all little boys have learned, in all schools,  
There are always exceptions to general rules,  
And if they forget this they’re like to be fools ;  
For to say this old lady was tender were stuff,  
As in fact and in truth she is fearfully tough.)

There she sits at the midnight time,  
Mumbling over a devilish rhyme ;  
And thrice she had mumbled it through and through,  
And thrice the cock for midnight crew.

But just as the cock the third time crows,  
Up she rises, and over she goes,  
    And slowly unlocks  
    A large wooden box,  
And out of it takes she nine red cocks; \*  
    Then she locks it once more,  
    And unbolts her door,  
And forth she goes into the principal street,  
Bad companions, I ween, to meet.  
For I greatly doubt, Dame Alice Kettle,  
That it's any good business you've to settle !

To the market cross she hies her forth,  
And she turns her south, and she turns her north,  
And she turns her east, and she turns her west,  
And each time she speaketh words unblest,  
And, whether from earth or whether from air,  
Two hag companions stand by her there,  
Each of the red cocks taketh three,  
Each of them kneels on bended knee,  
Each of them swears three fearful oaths,  
Each of them cuts three red cocks throats,

---

\* The incantation formulæ are taken from an approved authority on such diabolical proceedings.

And when the blood has entirely flowed,  
Backward they go to the hag's abode.

In they go,  
Muttering low,

Fearful prayers to the powers below,  
And near to the fire each takes a seat,  
And nine cabalistic words they repeat ;

And at every word  
One throws in a bird,

And they look very hideous, though somewhat  
absurd ;

And when this is finished the three of them rise,  
And each from a pouch takes six peacocks' eyes,  
And they fling them over the burning coals,  
And thus they call on the killer of souls :—

“ Sire of witches and of wizards,  
To thee give we nine cocks' gizzards,  
Legs, and livers, wings and hearts,  
Gills and combs, and other parts ;  
Chosen cocks of plumage red,  
Which at market cross we bled,  
At the hour of midnight dread,  
Also twice nine peacocks' eyes ;  
Mighty Nicholas arise !

At that name a gloom  
O'erspreadeth the room,  
And, who could imagine such magic in chicken-  
flesh ?

Or in peacock's eyes—  
In a horrible guise,

Before the three hags up starts old Nick in flesh,  
And coolly standing erect in the fire,  
Asks the old ladies what they require !

Each of the crones presents him a broom,  
(Three of them lay in Dame Alice's room,)  
And said “We are thine to the crack of doom,

If thou but grease  
The handles of these,

That they bear us whither our fancies please ;  
'Twixt the midnight hour and the morning light,  
With speed that passes the lightning's flight,  
And givest to us, as a fiendish dower,  
Over the broom and broomstick power.”

“ Agreed !” cries Satan—“ the bargain's made  
By broom and broomstick be ye obeyed !

Try we a flight,  
Through the air to-night,

Start we together—together alight!"

The words are scarce said when they're all out of sight,  
Sailing away 'neath the moonbeams bright !

They may talk of the rate  
Done on railways of late,

But that old "atmospheric" surpasses them quite.

Riding a hunt or riding a race,  
Riding a desperate hard steeple-chase,  
Talk not about them—they're "all in my eye,"  
To riding a hard-pulling broom through the sky !  
And never on hard-pulling racer did groom stick  
More closely than Dame Alice sticks to her broom-  
stick.

Of a pretty good seat in truth she had need,  
Borne through the air at such desperate speed ;  
For it takes her not quite a minute to flit  
From Ormonde tower to the Devil's Bit;\*

---

\* The Devil's Bit is a singular gap in the mountains between Nenagh and Templemore. Legend says the piece bitten out by the "Old Gentleman," is the celebrated Rock of Cashel, on which the Cathedral and Round Tower there still stand.

I never could manage to follow her flight,  
So here for the present I bid her good night.

One William Utlaw dwells by the Newre,  
He cheats the rich, and he grinds the poor ;  
Coffers he hath of wealth untold,  
Hoards of silver and hoards of gold,  
And worst of all, this greatest of sharks  
Has purchased the whole of the city parks ;

For he shrewdly foresees,

For the produce of these

What a price from the cits he can manage to  
squeeze ;

And he chuckles each day,

At the sums they must pay,

Nor cares he a jot what about him they say.

If they ask him for alms, with a growl he'll refuse,  
Even to the church he won't pay his dues :

He seeks not pleasure, he seeks not health,  
He seeks for nothing in fact but wealth.

He's a fellow that all the citizens shun,  
And is Dame Alice Kettle's only son ;  
And she, to render him still more rich,  
Has bartered her soul, and set up as a witch ;

A pretty business, for which some day,  
She'll certainly have "the Devil to pay."

Again has midnight's gloomy hour  
In shadow wrapped the Ormonde's tower ;  
Again do wakeful noses keep  
Their vigils, while their owners sleep ;  
Again do weary cits repose,  
And dream away their cares and woes ;  
Again do caterwauling cats,  
Strike terror into roving rats ;  
Again—no further time to lose—  
Kilkenny takes its nightly snooze ;  
But what do I hear ?  
Comes a voice in my ear,  
Speaking in accents unearthly and queer,  
" Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town  
Unto the house of William my son !"  
And mark, as the voice the couplet repeats,  
Brooms of all sorts are scouring the streets,  
Sweeping the yards, the alleys, the lanes,  
Sweeping the sewers, the markets, the drains ;  
Never was town so supremely well swept,  
As Kilkenny, while all its inhabitants slept !

The golden hues of morning streak  
Proud Ard na h' Erin's\* highest peak;  
The red deer quits his midnight lair,  
And sniffs again the dewy air ;  
The lark exulting cleaves the sky,  
And wakes his matin chant on high.  
Oh ! thou who, wasting joy and health,  
Still toilst on in search of wealth,  
Go forth, and, on the mountain side,  
Behold the morning in its pride ;  
And ask of thine own sordid soul,  
If wealth indeed be man's great goal,  
To seek which he was formed by heaven,  
For what are all these glories given ?  
If not to gladden human eye,  
Why glow with beauty earth and sky ?  
If not to gladden human ear,  
Why thrills with music all our sphere ?  
Thouds't clip the spirit's soaring wings,  
And bind it down to useful things.

---

\* "The height of Ireland"—a name given to the Slieve Bloom Mountains (in which the Nore has its rise, as have also the Suir and Barrow), from a popular idea that they are the highest chain in Ireland.

Poor scoffer!—dost thou never dream  
How words like these heaven's works blaspheme?  
How dar'st thou say in God's great plan  
Aught enters not of use to man?  
Go forth, and learn to see His power,  
In earth and sky, in star in flower,  
To know that he did not impart  
Vain longings to the human heart;  
But—while immortal hopes he gave  
Of higher bliss beyond the grave—  
Still made—to harmonize his plan—  
Man fit for earth, and earth for man!

Never did folk open wider their eyes,  
Than do those of Kilkenny, next morn when they  
rise.

The whole city swept clean!  
What the deuce can it mean?  
The manure, for their crops with such carefulness  
kept,  
Carried off by some villainous thieves while they  
slept!  
They had borne for whole weeks with its odours  
unsavoury,

And 'tis lost in one night by some vile piece of  
knavery.

From morning till night the whole town's in  
commotion ;

But who swept the streets, not a soul has a notion.

But "murder will out," yes ! and all improprieties,  
An old maxim, and true besides, you may rely it is,  
Some vigilant cits, at the dead of night peeping,  
Get glimpses of this supernatural sweeping ;  
And one of them sees, with a petrified stare,  
Dame Alice herself on her broom in the air !  
(A vision, which but that he chanced to be drunk  
At the time, might have lost him his senses from  
funk,)

For 'tis fearsome enough, one may fairly presume,  
To see an old lady,

When skies have grown shady,

Playing pranks in the air on a mettlesome broom.  
By degrees through the city the fact grows notorious,  
And the rage of the people becomes most  
uproarious ;

So the Bishop of Ossory summons Dame Alice,  
To give an account of her magic and malice.

Now, one must confess, in a civilized nation,  
There were few things less pleasant than such a  
citation ;  
For mostly old dames who denied they were  
witches  
Were ducked well in horse ponds, and beaten with  
switches ;  
Thrown into rivers, tied neck and limb,  
When, if they were witches, they surely would swim ;  
And if they were not it was easily found,  
Because in that case the old ladies were drowned ;  
Whereas if they escaped, as some dozen at most  
did,  
Then the old ladies were sure to be roasted !  
So, if any old lady ungraciously frowned,  
'Twas ten chances to one she was roasted or  
drowned !  
And very wise judges, with very wise saws,  
"Top sawyers," in truth, at expounding the laws,  
Sentenced many old ladies for this very cause.

But this is digression--the day of the trial  
Comes on, and the dame to the charge gives  
denial ;

The judge therefore calls on the bishop for evidence,  
Who produces of witnesses 'gainst her a bevy dense ;  
And the end of it is that his lordship decides  
" That 'tis proved beyond doubt on a broomstick  
she rides ;  
That 'tis devillish to make of a broomstick a horse,  
or he  
Can't comprehend what is devillish in sorcery ;  
That, thus against all Christian laws having spurned,  
At the market-place cross she must next day be  
burned ! "

Their notions were horridly coarse in those olden  
days,  
*We* only hang folk by the neck in our golden  
days,—  
A much cheaper plan, for a rope will hang twenty,  
Whereas burning is costly when fuel's not plenty.

The Court having risen,  
Dame Kettle is taken in fetters to prison ;  
And the bishop and judge having done for the  
sinner,  
With the calmest of consciences go to their dinner.

Why not, when they felt their sublime Christianity  
Was free from the taint of the slightest humanity?

'Tis morn—at the gate of the judge there's a  
knocking,

That awakes all the inmates—the cause must be  
shocking—

For never did man wear a countenance paler,

Than the man who thus knocks—and that man is  
the gaoler.

'Tis perfectly clear something dreadful's the matter,  
His limbs do so shake, and his teeth do so chatter;  
Such a shivering sight you would scarce through a  
winter view,

And he vows with the judge he at once wants an  
interview.

We must try to find out

What it can be about,

For 'tis something exceedingly strange I've no  
doubt.

Gone off with the devil!—eloped with old Nick!  
Escaped from her cell, through stone, mortar, and  
brick,

That dreadful old woman ! “ They went like the wind,  
The devil before—the old woman behind.”—  
That’s enough to be told—’tis a regular sell,  
The old woman has done them, and gone off to Hell !

---

A SERIOUS ADVICE TO THE READER.

Lest this story may leave on your innocent mind  
An impression for which it was never designed,  
I’d have you to know you are not to suppose  
That every old lady who has a long nose,  
    Or a very sharp chin,  
    Or a very odd grin,  
Or hair on her lip, or a squint in her eye,  
    Is able to fly,  
On a broomstick, or otherwise, up to the sky ;  
The fact is, they can’t, and what’s more, they don’t  
    try ;  
So however hideous, or however old,  
No matter that stories about them are told—  
Whether they’re poor, or whether they’re rich,  
Don’t fancy that any old lady’s a witch.

But this I must add—though it seem superstition,  
There are young ones of whom I'd give that  
definition,

Whose witchery lies  
In their lips and their eyes,  
In glances, and whispers, and kisses, and sighs,  
Who, do what we can to keep safe, make a jest of us,  
And, in fact, play the devil at times with the best  
of us !



## LEVAWN'S EYE.

---



ONG, long ago, in the fine olden time,  
When beautiful Erin was yet in her  
prime;

When her title was “Insula Sancta  
Sanctorum,”

And likewise, as history shows us, “Doctorum”—  
Which means saints and doctors,  
Were thick as tithe proctors

In subsequent times: would we now could restore  
'em !

Altho' doctors outnumber just now their employers,  
And instead of the saints, we have plenty of—  
lawyers,

Who show, every day,  
In the blessedest way,

That life has its “trials”—for which we must pay—  
That “nothing is certain”—that gold is a jest—

And that thinking on “judgment” should frighten  
the best,

(Unless they are able to move in arrest).

Long ago, as I’ve said—(the digression excuse,  
No man can account for the whims of his muse,  
Who, like all young ladies, must have her own way,  
'Spite of all one can do, or of all one can say),  
There lived in our island a famous old chief,  
Whose generous notions surpassed all belief ;  
A mighty old chief of the true Irish school,

To whom Finn M‘Coul  
Was no more than a fool—

Or, brave Ollam Fodhla, or great King O’Toole.  
The name of this veteran chief was Eochy ;  
And 'tis you that might think yourself born to  
good luck,

If you came to his door when the dinner hour  
struck ;

'Tis true that you’d get neither claret nor tokay ;

But, lord ! such a buck,  
Such glorious wild-duck—  
Such salmons,  
Such gammons,

Such sirloins of beef, and such saddles of mutton,

“ See his table and die ! ” you’d exclaim if a glutton.

Then the fricasseed tripe,  
And the cock and the snipe,  
And the trout—till you ended it all with a swipe  
Of the finest poteen  
That was ever yet seen,  
And were tucked off to bed—till the sun should  
awake you there,  
If the funkeys were not all too glorious to take  
you there.

And then, when the morning came up on the hill,  
With the lark in the skies, and the sun on the rill ;  
When the breeze that all night through the wild  
flowers had crept,  
And their sweet kisses stole, as unconscious they  
slept,  
Flew laughingly now with his treasures away,  
To sport on the wave, like an infant at play ;  
Where Hungry\* advances the ocean to meet,  
And Bantry’s blue waters roll deep at his feet ;

---

\* The highest mountain on the shores of Bantry Bay, with a magnificent water-fall descending from it.

While that wild torrent, gleaming all pure at his side,  
To the lord of the mountains clings like a young  
bride—

To hear the deep bugle-notes, mellowed and clear,  
As they called up the hunter to chase the red-deer,  
And the musical bay of the deep-mouthing pack,  
From the crags of the mountain rang merrily back ;  
Oh ! little the sluggard, who slumbers away  
The first glorious hours of the beautiful day,  
Can tell the wild rapture, the magical thrill,  
That greets the young morning abroad on the hill ;  
As he playfully kisses the bright dews away,  
That the lone earth was weeping all night for his  
stay !

But the skies are blue,  
And the joyous crew

Having moistened their souls with the “mountain  
dew,”

Not the sorrowful dew that the sad earth distils ;  
But a fluid that springs on our heather clad hills :  
There was never a man, that it wouldn’t make sager,  
And yet ’tis so shy,  
That between you and *I*,

It would sink in the earth at the face of a gauger.  
But in Eochy's time 'twas a different thing,  
The "Queen" \* would have looked in the face of  
a King,  
And no Irishman then cared a jot to be seen,  
Enjoying a lark night or day with poteen.  
    'Twas the ill-natured Saxon,  
    That first put the tax on ;  
For it knocked them by dozens the flat of their  
    backs on ;  
Having proper regard for the land of its birth,  
It gallantly struck the invader to earth !  
But I'm touching on politics—dear Innishone,  
I must take up my story and leave you alone !  
Having "wetted their whistles," to breakfast they  
    sat,  
    With appetites keen,  
    From that glorious poteen—  
Nothing could be too grisly, too stringy, too fat,  
For jaws such as theirs to be exercised at.  
    And sure if the fare  
    Wasn't plentiful there,

---

\* Whiskey which has never paid duty.

With rabbits and herrings, and salmon and hare,  
And trout whose dimensions had made Walton  
stare,

With fine barley cake,  
As an oven could bake,

Which they buttered on both sides for fear of  
mistake ;

For the horrid potato, that esculent vile,  
Had not then taken root in our beautiful isle :

'Twas that "Sassenach," Raleigh, that planted it  
here,

Knowing well 'twould deprive us of all our good  
cheer,

And if I was one of the "National" school,  
I'd make it a reason for getting "Home-Rule."

But breakfast is over, and now for the fun,

To chase the wild stag,  
Not let out of a wag-

Gon, but free and untamed as he first saw the sun—  
With many a whoop, and with many a hollo,  
The lord of the forest they gallantly follow ;

Over hill and through brake,  
By streamlet and lake,

Till their game the stout stag-hounds at length over-take,

And the hunters arrive just to witness his wake,

    And whip off the pack,

    And wend merrily back,

To an early edition of dinner, called snack.

    Then their sport they resume,

    Which to sketch I've not room;

But whatever they do, they're as merry as kings,

And all ready for prog when the dinner-bell rings.

The feast is o'er—throughout the vast

    Expanse of those old oaken halls,

The memories of a glorious past

    The aged minstrel's song recalls !

He aptly pays the warrior's meed,

    In tales of many a gallant deed,

    And breathes the requiem of the dead,

    Who on the field of combat bled ;

    To softer themes now tunes the strings,

    And tales of love and sorrow sings,

    And sways, with ever-changing air,

    The reckless, daring spirits there !

    His voice is hushed—the harp he woke

Shall never more be waked to song ;  
 But that strange melody that it spoke  
 Through distant shores shall echo long !  
 Yes ! Erin, yes, those hallowed strains,  
 Wild music's first-impassioned sighs,  
 Which from thy valleys and thy plains,  
 Like incense floated to the skies !  
 Shall, wedded now to words sublime,  
 Go proudly down to future time,  
 And to thy children's children long  
 Proclaim thee as the land of song !

But there is a guest at the castle to-night,  
 Who has come o'er the seas,  
 And now sits at his ease,  
 Enjoying the music—the swipes and the light ;  
 A jolly old druid,  
 Who takes to the fluid,  
 As if he was nursed, at a “cruiskeen-lawn”—\*  
 And the name of this druid's a queer one—Levawn ;  
 An old Scottish gentleman, who has come o'er,  
 On a tour to Killarney, Glengariff, Glandore,

---

\* A jug of punch.

And some other spots on our surf-beaten shore ;  
And whom Eochy, now, as the regular thing,  
Entertains at his house like the son of a king ;  
Produces a keg of his double distilled,  
Which at least twenty strangers had gloriously killed,  
And says, in the tone of a good man and true,  
“ Stick to this, my old hero, and drink till all's blue !  
And if *I* don't stand by you, as long as you tope,  
Why, all I can say is, ‘bad luck to the Pope !’”

Then to it they go,  
And if they don't stow

A wonderful sight of the “ native ” below !  
I'd not like to pay for their drink if 'twas scored—  
Till faith in the end the old Scotchman is floored ;  
And under the table goes down like the rest,  
With the honours becoming so noble a guest.

Oh, night, how calmly beautiful thou art !  
What balm thou bringest to the mourning heart ;  
And thou, fair moon, how dear thy tranquil ray,  
To many a breast that shuns the glare of day !  
Thou seemst to sympathize with man's distress—  
Thou hast no smile that mocks at wretchedness—  
No smile, that like the wanton sunbeam greets,

With joyous recklessness, whate'er it meets !  
Then let me worship thee—and where, oh where,  
To mortal eye can'st thou appear more fair ;  
Where can thy light with softer magic play,  
Than here in wild Glengariff's lonely bay ?  
Upon whose crags the red arbutus grows,  
The verdant holly and the briery rose,  
While their rude feet the bright blue waters lave,  
With all the freshness of the Atlantic wave ;  
As if some ocean-nymph her home forsook,  
To meet her lover in thy hallowed nook,  
And stole in, trembling, from her native sea,  
To mark how fair the sleeping earth might be !

Thus Levawn might have thought—if he hadn't got  
drunk,

And been stretched on the floor then a motionless  
trunk ;

As it was, being screwed,

And his soul with romance being little imbued,  
He only kept snoring the blessed night through,  
Overpower'd by that double distilled “mountain-  
dew.”

And when roused in the morning to go out to hunt,

He replied with a somewhat dissatisfied grunt ;  
Though his wishes he didn't with fluency speak—  
That he'd rather they'd let him alone for a week.  
But they told him that after a couple of days,  
He'd fall quite spontaneously into their ways ;  
Vowed that lingering there would be most impolite  
of him,  
And hauled him away to the stag-hunt in spite of  
him !

Day after day,  
Is passed in this way,  
Levawn for a fortnight continues to stay,  
At Eochy's request,  
Who gives to his guest,  
Of eating and drinking, and all things the best.  
The head of the latter each morn becomes stronger,  
But at last he resolves not to stop any longer,  
When after much pressing, his host, in the end,  
Consents to the wish of his newly-made friend.

Out in his lawn,  
At the morning's dawn,  
The chief is bidding good-bye to Levawn ;

But ere his guest goes,

Upon him bestows,

Gifts of all kinds, as you well may suppose;

Such as Homer of old might have called—not to  
coin a

New phrase for the nonce—*ἀπεριστὸν ἀποίνα*—

Though, if we reflect,

That would not be correct;

For these were free gifts, just to do the thing  
handsome,

While each third-form boy knows *ἀποίνον*'s a  
ransom;

So 'tis clearly absurd

To suppose I use the word

As a chap I knew once,

An inveterate dunce,

Used to quote—to display his acquirements 'twas  
“certes” meant,

A small scrap of Greek from a low quack adver-  
tisement.—

With a good-natured smile, he says, “Here, my old  
crony,

“I give you, for ever, my best Kerry pony,  
He's a trifle too bony,

But—'tisn't that I say it—  
I'd scorn to convey it,  
If 'twasn't the truth, but you'll not see another  
To match him alive—always barring his mother.

Here's a greyhound, I'd swear,  
From this to Kenmare,  
There's not one that so soon would make game  
of a hare.

Here's a beautiful pup,  
Whose sire won the cup,  
And he'll beat his father, faith, when he grows up."

But I haven't time  
To narrate, in my rhyme,  
Half the elegant gifts of the gallant old chief,  
And in fact, if I did, they'd surpass all belief ;  
But he ends with, what all must as generous strike,  
" Come, old boy, is there any thing else that you'd  
like ?"

Now, there is a secret, which you didn't guess,  
But which now on your minds it is right to impress :  
The chief, and the guest t'whom he now bids good-  
bye,  
Are each of them, odd enough—blind of an eye !

And—what do you think—  
Can I trust it to ink—  
Won't the paper from such an atrocity shrink ?  
And yet, on the word of a bard, 'tis no lie—  
That villain, Levawn, asks the chief for—HIS EYE !

“ My eye ! ” cries the chief—but his anger he checks,  
Though, indeed, the request an archbishop might vex—  
“ You shall have it, sir—yes, it shall never be said,  
That a chief of our line  
Refused to resign,  
To a stranger, aught, even the sole eye in his head.”  
And he raises his finger to take out the eye,  
When his chaplain, an eminent saint standing by,  
With a desperate shout,  
Vociferates out,  
“ Hold fast—blessed Moses ! what *are* you about ? ”  
And, addressing Levawn, in a threatening attitude,  
Cries—“ Think you that Heaven will permit this ingratitude ? ”

After eating his beef,  
 You confounded old thief !  
 And his mutton,  
 You glutton !

And worse than all that, was there ever yet seen,  
 Such villany—drinking his double poteen ?

No—rather, instead,  
 Let *your* eye quit its socket,  
 And fly, like a rocket,  
 To the long vacant space  
 In his honest old face,  
 Like a well-driven billiard-ball into a pocket :—  
 And you—go to—Jericho or the Old Head !”\*

The words are scarce spoken when, to his surprise,  
 Poor Eochy finds himself blessed with two eyes !  
 While the rascal Levawn, most decidedly done,  
 To *his* surprise finds that he hasn’t got one.

And no one could paint  
 The delight of the saint,  
 When he finds matters turn up so pleasant and  
 quaint ;

---

\* The Old Head of Kinsale—long regarded as the Ultima Thule of Irish geographical discovery.

While the wondering crowd, rendered dumb with  
amaze,  
Fall down on their knees with a stupefied gaze.

And now to a close that our legend we've drawn,  
It remains but to say,  
That, from that lucky day,

The chieftain was ever called Suil-Levawn ;\*  
And all his descendants, who, numerous still,  
Grow thick as potatoes about Hungry Hill ;  
Where, long, to his foemen an object of fear,  
Mid his wild mountains fought The O'Sullivan Bere.

Of the saint's future history little is known ;  
By his chieftain of course he was amply rewarded,  
But from that period forth, it is nowhere recorded  
That he meddled with any one's eyes but his own.

Levawn, whom the chieftain's compassion prevented  
His people from slaying—'tis said much repented ;  
He was led by a dog,  
Over mountain and bog,

---

\* Levawn's Eye.

And the peasants, although they at first so resented  
His act, yet on finding he so much relented,  
Supplied him at all times with clothing and prog.  
He wandered the country around far and wide,  
And we don't know the time, or the place where he  
died.

The thing which, 'tis said,  
The chief bitterness shed  
On his age—and full oft made him wish he was  
dead,  
Was that all the young gaffers, to vex him, would  
cry out,  
As he passed by their huts—

“ THERE YOU GO WITH YOUR EYE OUT ! ”



# THE SAINT OF THE LONG ROBE;

OR, THE PATRON OF LAWYERS.

---



LEASANT it is, in these Christmas  
times,  
To meet quaint stories in garrulous  
rhymes,—

Pleasant to read of our forefathers' ways,  
In our great-great-grandfathers' grandfathers' days ;  
Or a couple of centuries earlier yet,  
For the farther we go the more pleasant we get ;  
As the nursery tales decidedly show,  
Beginning with "long and merry ago,"  
And ending always, I scarcely need say,  
" If they didn't live happy, that you and I may."

They were strange old days ! What more do we  
know,

With all our learning, of “long ago,”  
Than the vague idea, conveyed in the phrase  
Which my pen has just traced, “They were strange  
old days?”

We picture barons, with helmets and mail,  
Ladies who feasted on collops and ale,  
Loop-holed castles, their lively abodes,  
Springless coaches and horrible roads;  
We’ve the “properties” dragged into novels and  
plays;

But what can we know of those “strange old  
days?”

And the lives our ancestors use to pursue,  
Here in eighteen hundred and seventy-two,  
When John, the butler, and Mary, the cook,—  
(Let no “chef” this unfortunate “lapsus” rebuke),  
Wouldn’t change with my lord and my lady, I ween,  
If for eighteen hundred you read thirteen?

We, in these days of steamer and rail,  
Of poor-laws, policemen, of overland-mail,  
Of gas, electricity, consols, bank-notes,  
Clubs, newspapers, meerschaums, immaculate votes,  
Gutta-percha, gun-cotton—good reader, imagine it—  
One of us “realising” the times of Plantagenet!

If I'm asked can we picture the period, I'll answer,

Just as Eve might have pictured an opera-dancer ;  
Though the latter in truth were the easier guess,  
The change is so wondrously slight as to dress ! ”

But what of all this ? I've a story to tell,

And I'm wasting my rhyme,  
Ink and paper and time,

On what every philosopher knows very well.

Though I'm no philosopher.—I'm but a joker,  
And don't walk about with grave looks and white  
choker,

To claim from mankind for my dulness indemnity,  
Because 'tis rigged out in the garb of solemnity.

I've learned by experience the service that fun  
does,

And merely desire to be “comes jucundus,”  
A jolly companion. But really I'm spinning  
Too much—I must come to my story's beginning—  
A queer one, explaining an incident quaint,  
How the lawyers got hold of their patron saint ;  
And I trust a profession so grave and so learn'd  
Will feel in the history deeply concerned.

The thirteenth century had not run out,  
    But its closing year  
    Was exceedingly near,  
At the date of this serious event, beyond doubt.  
    The Pontiffs of Rome  
    Still continued “at home ;”  
And the shades of Vaucluse had obtained no renown,  
As yet, from the triple pontifical crown.  
Still, I frankly confess ’tis uncertain what Pope  
From his palace looked out on the Esquiline slope,  
When the worthy Evona set forth for the road,  
On a pilgrimage bound, to that blessed abode.  
Ah ! a pious and sanctified pleader was he,  
Such a lawyer as now we don’t frequently see.  
He hadn’t his equal at law in all Brittany,  
And he beat the whole bar both at psalter and litany !  
He prayed and he fasted, he fasted and prayed ;  
Which lawyers don’t do in these days, I’m afraid.  
It can’t be expected, indeed, when their knowledge is  
Picked up at “Godless” and “Infidel” colleges,  
    At vile Inns of Court,  
    Where queer people resort,  
Who call very improper things “larking” and sport,  
And instruction means nothing but mutton and port !

Not so with Evona : he pored o'er his pleading,  
Or varied his studies with sanctified reading ;  
On all mundane emotions at once put a quencher,  
And, in fact, was precisely the man for a Bencher ;  
    A word to convey,  
    More than all I could say,  
The position the worthy man held in his day :  
Grave, learned, and saintly, I don't think I've  
    known a  
Half-dozen barristers quite like Evona.

But wherefore now does he set out from home,  
Bound on that peregrination to Rome ?  
A journey, in those days, a trifle unpleasant,  
And very unlike what we find it at present.  
There wasn't a railway to Châlons-sur-Saone ;  
There wasn't a steamer to run down the Rhone ;  
There were free-booters given to felonious pursuits,  
Who made free with your purse, not to speak of  
    your boots ;  
There were quarrelsome counts, who played tricks  
    upon travellers  
Somewhat worse than we hear of from custom-house  
cavillers ;—

But, if you're a half-dozen years out of college,  
'Tis likely enough that you've got all this knowledge,

In which case you don't require my information,  
So here goes, once again, to resume my narration.

Good Evona set out on a laudable mission,  
First to show for his failings a thorough contrition,  
By going, in person, with genuine lowliness,  
Absolution to seek at the feet of his Holiness;

And to ask, in addition,  
By humble petition,

A boon he had long set his heart on procuring,  
And that thus he had very good hopes of ensuring—  
A saint to take charge of the legal profession,  
Who its members would guard against sinful trans-  
gression,

Make them models thenceforward of worth and  
sobriety,

And distinguish them ever for wisdom and piety!

With this object and hope,  
He proceeds to the Pope;

Prepared to despise every sort of privation,  
With so noble a scheme in his mind's contemplation;

And I trust that there lives not a single attorney  
Who would venture to sneer at the old lawyer's  
journey.

How proudly rises that wondrous dome,  
That crowns the glory of modern Rome !  
Grandest of temples, alone it stands,  
The noblest labour of human hands !  
But Rome has a church with an older claim—  
An earlier title to storied fame—  
Renowned and honoured in ages fled,  
“Of Christian Temples Mother and Head,” \*  
The royal Lateran looketh still  
Forth on the far-off Latian Hill—  
Old, ere a Vatican Pontiff hurled  
His wrathful bolt on a trembling world !  
Old, when our pilgrim, weary and faint,  
Came to ask the Pope for a Patron Saint ;

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\* “*Urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput.*”—This designation has been given to the Church of St. John Lateran. The Basilica was built by Constantine; but the old edifice was destroyed, by fire, during the residence of the Popes at Avignon, and the present beautiful church has been erected on its site.

And the reader should know, if he didn't before,  
That his Holiness lived in the Palace next door.

Who he was, I have mentioned, historians don't  
state,

And the fact is a little obscure as to date ;

    But I've reason to think

    That he loved a sly wink,

And relished a good-natured joke with a funny face,  
And so for the rhyme's sake, we'll christen him  
    Boniface ;

The eighth of that name having reigned, it appears,  
In this same thirteenth century's ultimate years ;  
A fact that completely clears up the chronology,  
And makes needless, on my part, the slightest  
    apology.

Evona arrived in the city, I've stated,  
And then, in due form, on his Holiness waited ;

    Kneeling down, kissed his toe,

    As is usual we know ;

Although, as Prince Hamlet remarks in his speech,  
'Twere a custom more honoured perhaps in the  
    breach ;

Which the Pope seems to feel,  
And says, "Oh, pray don't kneel,  
Good Evona ! a lawyer so wise, so devout !  
And—really—I've just had a twinge of the gout—  
If you will show such homage, here, this is the  
thing ;  
And he holds forth his hand, with the Fisherman's  
ring ;

At which gracious attention,  
And deep condescension,  
Evona feels more than I ever could mention ;  
Thanks the Pontiff in words of the deepest sincerity,  
Then adds, "Holy Father, don't think it temerity,  
If I dare to suggest  
A thought yet unexpressed,  
But which through long years has deprived me of  
rest,  
And made my existence extremely distress'd ;  
It is that my serious and learned profession  
Has no special claim on some saint's intercession ;

It appears to me hard,  
That we should be debarred  
From a benefit all other callings may share ;  
Some of which have no wonderful claims, I declare :

Don't fancy I'd dare use a word of rebuke,  
But, surely, if Painters are watched by Saint Luke,  
And the sweet Saint Cecilia will patronise Fiddlers,  
*We* shouldn't be treated like Jeremy Diddlers."

'Twas the phrase that he used, altho' you might  
not think so,  
And copied as writ by his own pen and ink so ;  
And it staggered the Pope, by its terseness and  
strength,  
More than many addresses of six times its length.

His Holiness scarce could help smiling to see  
The old lawyer so anxiously urging his plea ;  
But, of course, he was likewise delighted to find  
Such pious desires in a man of his kind.  
He acknowledged the justice of all that was said ;  
        But observed, " On one head,  
Where you seem to suggest, as a ground of com-  
plaint,  
That each other calling can boast of its saint,  
        It is certainly true  
        That there are very few  
Which have not got some patron ; but then, recollect,  
They had, each of them saints in their line, to select ;

The cases you've spoken of  
So much give token of;

Saint Cecilia delighted in music, you know,  
And, though Luke as a painter was very so-so—  
As his queer black Madonnas decidedly show—  
Still a painter he was, which gives colour for making  
him

The patron of painters, and warrants their taking  
him;

But I'm sadly afraid  
We've not one of your trade—  
Excuse the expression—  
Your learned profession,

In the calendar; carpenters, shoemakers, sawyers,  
Artisans of all classes, besides some employers;  
Even doctors a few you may find—but no lawyers.  
It strikes me that this the reason is somehow,  
That you've not had a saint for a patron, ere now."

Now this was a regular slap in the face.  
Evona in vain tried to fish up a case;  
But a canonized lawyer 'twas hopeless to trace;  
So he said, "Holy Father, I'm deeply distressed  
At finding our calling so very unblest!"

May I trust that your goodness will make a  
selection  
Of some saint, that may lend us henceforth his  
protection ;  
Whose precepts shall teach, whose example shall  
guide,  
My brethren, till now such assistance denied—  
Do, pray, Holy Father, some patron provide ! ”

“ Well, in truth,” said the Pope, “ I can’t just  
recollect  
A suitable saint your good folk to protect.  
There’s Saint Thomas, the doubter—he’d certainly do,  
But then ’twould be awkward to ask him ; there’s  
—pooh !  
No, there isn’t ; you’ve puzzled me sadly, good man.  
But hold ! yes ! I have it ! I’ve hit on a plan ;  
I really can’t venture the choice to decide—  
But select for yourself, and let heav’n be your  
guide.

In the Lateran Church there are statues in stone  
Of at least thirty saints, best for sanctity known :  
The Apostles, Saint Michael, and several more,  
In the principal aisle, within reach of the floor ;

Be here at six sharp, in the morning, again,  
And I'll go alone to the church with you then ;  
You shall walk thro' the aisle with your eyes  
bandaged tight,  
And grope for a saint as you pass, left and right,  
Going on till you've got to the end of your litany,  
And the matins you always repeated in Brittany ;  
And the figure you seize, when your circuit is  
ended,  
Will be that of the patron for lawyers intended ;  
So be satisfied now, and no longer repine—  
You'll be guided by judgment superior to mine."

Great was the joy of the pious old man,  
When his Holiness struck out this excellent plan !  
He felt in an ecstacy going down stairs ;  
Stopped three hours at Saint Clement's reciting his  
prayers ;  
Went home, took no dinner, but fasted all night,  
And set off for the Lateran soon as 'twas light ;  
Where, after parading two hours on the bricks,  
He at last got admitted at quarter to six ;  
And was joined in a minute or two by the Pope,  
Who bade his attendants the temple to ope,

And went in with Evona, first ordering the door  
To be carefully locked, till their business was o'er.

And now came the moment so anxiously sought,  
To the lawyer with solemnest interest fraught !

They both are inside ;

The Pope's kerchief is tied

O'er the eyes of Evona, who vows to confide  
The profession thenceforth to his guidance and  
care,

Whom heaven shall point out for its saint "then  
and there."

He gropes through the aisle

Of the noble old pile,

Repeating his prayers as directed the while :

Passes saint after saint,

Feels his limbs growing faint,

With emotions no language could possibly paint :

At length, with a gasp,

Gives a tremulous grasp,

And exclaims, with a voice full of awfullest awe.

"Holy Saint, be it thine to be Patron of Law!"

But a half-second after

The Pontiff's loud laughter

Half smothers his voice, as he roars to the roof,  
“ Why, friend, that’s the Devil you’ve caught by the  
hoof ! ”

And his Holiness stood with his hand to his side,  
And shook so that one would have thought he’d  
have died !

Alas ! 'twas the case,  
He had stopped at the place  
Where the Prince of Archangels stood, peerless in  
might,  
O'er his daring competitor fallen in the fight ;  
And, guided by whatever power in the matter,  
Instead of the saint he laid hold of the latter ;  
And since Popes are infallible, Nick’s had his claw,  
I much fear, ever since, in all matters of law.

So Evona concluded : the poor man fell sick,  
When he saw that the patron assigned him was Nick ;  
He very soon died from no certain complaint,  
And—one hope for the lawyers—they made him  
a saint !

## MICK MULLOY AND THE BLESSED LATEERIN.

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ELL, 'tis lucky 'tis here—there's the  
village in view,  
And the nag needn't wait very long  
for a shoe."

"The village!" cries Darby, with puzzle-pate  
air,  
"Begorra, your honour will get no shoe there."

"No shoe in the village! you surely don't mean  
That there is not a smithy in Ballytraneen."

"If 'tis forge, that you mane, Sir, 'tis many a day  
Since the ring of an anvil was heard there to play;  
An' fine music 'tis too, an' a rale pleasant sight  
To stand by the forge, on a cold winter's night,

While the neighbours talk over the news of the day,  
And the big, brawny, smith sledges bravely away ;  
And the white sparks fly joyfully up in the air,  
Like the short hopes that flash thro' a lone man's  
despair !

And a hard curse it was, the Lord knows, on the place ;  
And perhaps, if there wasn't a saint in the case,  
One might think 'twasn't fair ; but the saints do  
what's right,  
And the blessed Lateerin was too good and bright  
To be harsh without reason."—

" But Darby, my friend,  
I exclaimed, half afraid that he never would end—  
What the deuce has the blessed Lateerin to do  
With the fix that we're in, from the loss of a shoe ?  
Who was he himself ?"—

" Stop !" he cries, in alarm,  
" 'Twas a lady, your honour, Lord save us from harm !  
And to spake of the saints so, it don't show your  
sinse,  
For they're mighty quick sometimes in taking  
offince,

And this same St. Lateerin, though quiet enough,  
Shows the things they wont matter to do in a huff."

" Well be it so, Darby—I'll walk by the car,  
For there's no use remaining all day as we are,  
'Twill lighten the work on the limping old grey,  
And you'll tell the tale of the Saint on the way."

#### DARBY'S LEGEND.

" Well many's the day, Sir," so Darby began,  
" For 'tis time out of mind, or the mimory of man,  
Since, down by that village of Ballytraneen,  
Lived the fairest young 'colleen' that ever was seen :  
Her hair was like sunshine, so golden and bright,  
And the 'canavan's' down\* on her breast wasn't  
white ;  
And her eye—but begorra 'tis nonsense to thry  
And describe that at all, 'twas so modest and shy !  
But 'twas blue, Sir, of coarse, and to talk of the rose  
In one breath with her lips would be foolish, Lord  
knows ;

---

\* "Canavan," the cotton-grass (*Eriophorium*), that abounds in our bog or marshy lands.

And the look on her face was as soft and as mild  
As the smile on the cheek of a sleeping young  
child ;

And her shape and her motions were graceful to see,  
As in soft summer winds a young mountain-ash tree !  
And in troth, Sir, tho' many a 'colleen' was there,  
That the boys of the village thought comely and  
fair,

And that were comely too, faix, and fit for a prince,  
There was never among them, before, then, or since,  
Or indeed, for the matter o'that, thro' all Erin,  
One a match for the beautiful blessed Lateerin !

" Well a beauty she was, but, as often's the case,  
All the riches she owned, faix, she had in her face,  
Always barrin' the blessed good nature within,  
And a soul that was free as an infant's from sin,  
And, of coarse, Sir, beyant that, her beautiful self—  
What I mane is she had'nt a rap on the shelf ;  
But, for all that, there wasn't a boy in the place  
Wouldn't take, for a fortune, that beautiful face ;  
And be right glad to get it ; and, may be, at first,  
There was hope in the feelings that some of 'em  
nursed,

And the good looking fellows about, and small  
blame,

Might have thought that a fancy for them was no  
shame ;

Boys the life of a pattern, a fair, or a wake,  
With girls by the score who would die for their  
sake—

Good, plump, rosy, ‘colleens,’ with plenty of fun,  
That a clane, strappin’ boy might be proud to have  
won—

The blame, as I said, to such chaps was but small,  
To think that they shouldn’t be sneezed at, at all.

“Howsomever that may be, at last it was plain  
They were throwing sheep’s eyes at Lateerin in vain ;  
For ’twas truth what she told them, not any desate,  
That her mind was made up not to alter her state ;  
But St. Bridget herself for a patron to take,  
And a virgin remain, all thro’ life, for her sake.  
So they gave up all hopes of her, after a while,  
Though they couldn’t help lovin’ her beautiful smile,  
And her ‘God save you kindly !’ tho’ simple the  
words,

Sounded sweet in their ears as the song of the birds,

And the blessins' and prayers of the old and the young,

Like the flow'rs of the spring, in her footsteps were flung.

“ Well, in them days, faix, Ballytraneen, you may swear,

Didn’t want for a forge—’twas a brave one was there !

And a fine trade the smiths had, in troth, of it, then,  
Making shoes for the horses and pikes for the men !  
And ’twould do one’s heart good, faix, to look at the sight,

And to hear the sledge ringing, from morning till night :

But, at all events, then, there were few in the trade  
Mick Mulloy couldn’t manage to put in the shade ;  
A stout, swarthy, fellow, with limbs like an oak,  
And the devil’s own janius for crackin’ a joke ;  
In fact up to every diversion and fun,  
With the boys and the girls, faix to Mick ’twas all one ;

At laste with ’em all his time pleasantly passed,  
But the bent of his fancy inclined for the last ;

And indeed not a girl in the place was so coy  
That she hadn't a smile for the gay Mick Mulloy.

“ As I told you, the blessed Lateerin, poor thing,  
Was as poor as a mouse, though fit match for a  
king ;

And her mother, a little lone 'oman, and she  
Lived together, as simple as simple could be—  
A thing which we think quare enough, to be shure,  
But, by all accounts, most of the saints were as poor ;  
Howsomever, Lateerin had plenty to do,  
To keep the place tidy and nate for the two ;  
Besides mindin' her prayers, and them same faix,  
they say,

Was a business that put a good hole in the day ;  
For the saints, sir, of coarse, do a dale in that line,  
Since 'tis mostly by prayin' and fastin' they shine.  
She had work enough, 'troth, a young 'oman to tire ;  
But, of coarse, her first business was lightin' the  
fire ;

And so, at the top o' the mornin', each day,  
To Mick Molloy's forge, faix, she used make her way,  
For a red sod of turf ; for the smiths, long ago,  
Used turf in their forges, not coal, Sir, you know ;

And that same was the rayson, I often heard tell,  
Why the smith's work in them days was timpered  
so well—

But, at all events, Mick was well plazed, as he  
might,

To see, every morning, so beauteous a sight ;  
That still thro' the summer and winter time came,  
And smiled on his work, like a beautiful dhrame.

“ Now, though Mick used to joke with the girls of  
the place,

And be praisin' the charms of each beautiful  
face ;

And, in troth, have some sootherin' talk for 'em  
all,

Whether dark-haired, or fair-haired, short, middlin'  
or tall,

Yet—seein' Lateerin was blessed all out,—

And of that, faix, himself had the proofs beyond  
doubt ;

For she took the red fire from his forge, every day,  
Without burnin' or scorch, in her apron, away,  
By St. Bridget's protection, who didn't permit  
The turf, tho' 'twas blazin', to harm her a bit !

Seeing this, tho' the praise on his lips often hung,  
He thought best, faix, to keep a good guard on his  
tongue,

And to lave off his larkin', for somehow he guessed  
That she mightn't, perhaps, take his words like the  
rest,

Nor be plazed—though the harm it could do  
would be small—

If he put his 'come hither' upon her, at all.

"Well, one morning she came to his forge, like the  
rest,

And, faix, she was lovely and lookin' her best ;  
But the thing that was most aggravatin' of all  
Was—the skirt of her gown was unusual small,  
And her illigant limbs, without stockin' or shoe,  
Left a good bit beyant her white ankles to view ;  
While the dew from the grass hung like pearls on  
her skin,

Which was fair as the beautiful spirit within.

'God save you !' says Mick, 'God save *you*, Mick !'  
says she,

And there never was man so dumb-founded  
as he !

But he gev her the turf—saying never a word—  
Fascinàted he stood, on the spot, like a bird,  
At the look of a sarpint—As usual she placed,  
The fire in her apron, not mindin' the laste  
That Mick stood there admirin' ; and shure the words  
hung,  
For a long time enough, on the tip of his tongue,  
Till at last says he—'faix he said nothin' by halves—  
'Why, thin, blessed Lateerin, you've beautiful  
calves !'

“ Well we're wake crayturs surely—Lord mark us to  
grace !

And flattery comes over the best of our race,  
And, saint as she was, troth, her eyes droppin' down,  
Gave one little peep, near the hem of her gown,  
At them beautiful ankles, quite proud of his praise,  
When her apron, Lord save us ! burst out in a  
blaze !

For St. Bridget determined she should'nt, again,  
Be caught by the sootherin' words of the men ;  
An' sevarely enough she was scorched, you may  
swear,  
Besides losin' the most of her beautiful hair ;—

And good rayson she had to remiber the day,  
That deludherin' smith set her notions astray !

“ Well, we’re tould by the laygend her pinance was  
sore ;

But St. Bridget resaved her to favour once more ;  
And from that ’till she died—in a blessed old age—  
She shut herself up, like a bird in a cage,  
In her own contemplations ; and never again  
Let her thoughts be divarted the laste by the men.  
But, in holy vexation of spirit, she set  
Her curse on the village—that sticks to it yet—  
That all smiths, who set up there, bad luck should  
attend

Whatsomever they do, ’till the world’s at an end !  
And some that did thry it, ’tis bad luck befel  
The haythens and heretics, as I heerd tell ;—  
And my grandmother’s aunt tould my mother, an’ she,  
With her own blessed lips, tould the story to me,—  
That one Johnny Carroll, who, when she was young,  
Made the thrial, was took up for murder and hung ;  
And that some of the neighbours would swear to  
the sight,  
Of the divil a blowin’ his bellis all night !

And, from that time to this, no one else, you may  
swear,  
Risked the curse of Lateerin by setting up there.

“ Mick Mulloy, Sir, the innocent cause of the blaze,  
Never worked at a forge for the rest of his days ;  
But took to religion ; an’ grew so devout,  
That he didn’t want much of a saint, faix, all out :  
And ’twas he was in luck, sure, to make the remark,  
That he did, that same mornin’, or maybe the spark  
Of devotion might never be lit in his breast,  
So you see what great blessings may come of a jest.  
’Tis a bad wind blows nobody good, as they say,  
And how thrue it is, surely, he larned on that  
day !”

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So ended the legend,—the moral is quaint,  
And may serve other folk than a blacksmith or saint.



# THE LORD OF CORASSE ;

A LEGEND OF BÉARN.\*



HOUGH France has had many a valorous knight,  
Who shines in her annals of chivalry  
bright ;  
And many a name,  
That is blazoned by fame ;  
Yet none of her knights could in daring surpass  
The proud Baron Raymond, the Lord of Corasse.  
Ay, well has he fought on full many a day,  
And gallantly borne him in many a fray ;  
But Lord Raymond just now  
Has got into a row,  
Which he may not get easily out of, I trow ;

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\* This history—told by Froissart, in his *Chronicles*—may interest the Spiritualists, as showing that the “Familiars” in the Middle Ages played just the same tricks as they do in our own time.

For helmet and falchion, and corselet of mail,  
And vassal and henchman can little avail,  
'Gainst the foes who the valiant Lord Raymond  
assail,

As he's got himself into the presciousest lurch,  
By swearing he won't pay his tithes to the church ;  
And the Clerk of Corasse is exceeding irate,  
And to Avignon goes, to Pope Urban to state  
    The question in full,

    In the hope of a Bull,

By which he'll get into the lord baron's wool ;  
And Urban the Fifth having called his consistory,  
And carefully heard all his reverence's history.  
Declares that the Clerk has established his right,  
With costs of the suit to be paid by the Knight.  
And the Clerk of Corasse having got his decree,  
Sets off for Béarn with abundance of glee ;  
Thinking, " Now, my lord baron, you'll ' down with  
    the dust,'  
Refuse if you dare, when the Pope says you must ! "

The lord baron Raymond is taking a snooze,  
When the messenger comes with this desperate  
news:

For when dinner is o'er,  
'Tis his custom to snore

For a couple of hours, say from two until four.  
And so, while he's sleeping, the messenger waits,  
And is then ushered into his presence and states—

Growing pale and then red,  
Having some sort of dread,

Lest the baron might chance to make free with his  
head—

That the Pope has pronounced his most solemn  
decision,

Condemning his highness, the Baron, to pay  
The tithes in arrear without any delay,

To his reverence the Clerk ;  
And besides, as a mark

Of proper contrition, obedience, and lowness,  
To write off for pardon at once to his Holiness !  
But the Lord of Corasse, with a smile of derision—

While a comical air on his countenance glows ;  
Lays his forefinger flat by the side of his nose,  
And exclaims (which was wrong and I greatly regret  
it)—

“ Ask the Clerk of Corasse, ‘ Don’t he wish he may  
get it ? ’ ”

And then while his conduct the messenger scares,  
Coolly bids his attendants to kick him down stairs.

But it so comes to pass  
That the Clerk of Corasse,  
Don't over much like to be "writ down an ass ;"  
And, his messenger not having brought him the pelf,  
He sets off to seek the lord baron himself,  
    In the confident hope,  
    That his eyes he may ope  
To a sense of his crime, by the bull of the Pope,  
Devoting his lordship to certain perdition,  
If he don't pay his tithes and show ample contrition.  
And so he proceeds, and he reaches in state  
The princely old château, and knocks at the gate,  
As the lord baron Raymond, unfortunate sinner,  
With the Dame de Corasse is just sitting to dinner.

'Tis a fine old hall,  
With its windows tall,  
And banner and lance on the grey stone wall,  
    And sword and shield,  
    That many a field  
Of valiant fight to the mind recall.

And the wolf-dogs sleep by the blazing fire ;  
    While the old oak board  
    Is amply stored—  
And there sit lady and lord and squire,  
And the merry page with his gay attire ;  
    The wild boar's head  
    Before them spread,  
And the dainty peacock, and snow-white bread ;  
And cups of the choicest Calcavella,  
Which the baron got from a right gay fellow,  
His friend the Abbot of Compostella ;  
    While homelier food,  
    For the vassals rude,  
At the table's foot is amply strewed,  
And many a weary wanderer, there,  
Of their meat and drink has a welcome share ;  
For ne'er unrelieved did the poor man pass  
The castle gate of the Lord de Corasse.

But the Clerk of Corasse has not come to dine,  
And will not be tempted by peacock or chine,  
Or the Abbot of Compostella's old wine ;  
Though he deems them all very good things I  
    opine.

To the baron's request,

That he'll join as a guest,

He replies, " My lord baron, I've not come to jest ;  
How can you suppose that I'll join you at dinner,  
Denounced by the Pope, as you are, for a sinner ;—

Refusing to pay

In the regular way,

The tithes of your church, to his grief and dismay ;  
But mark me, Lord Raymond, the bull I have——":

" Hold,"

Cries the baron, whose dinner is fast getting cold,  
" Methinks, good sir Clerk, this is somewhat too bold,

Just take my advice

And be off in a trice.

If you dare come again for these tithes, by the mass,  
They shall drag in the moat for the Clerk of Corasse !"

The Clerk of Corasse looks exceedingly blue,  
For the baron says nought he won't venture to do ;  
And his honour is strictest, we well may suppose,  
Whenever he swears not to pay what he owes.

Still his reverence replies,

Though it scarcely is wise—

But somehow he trusts to his clerical guise—

“ Very well, my lord baron, do just as you please,  
But perchance you will yet  
Wish you’d settled this debt.

Till you do I can promise you’ll get little ease !”

Then he turns on his heel,  
While he strives to conceal

The wrath and annoyance, which fear of the  
Knight

Very prudently kept him from speaking outright ;  
While the latter remarks, with a look of disdain,  
“ Poor man, I fear much something’s wrong with his  
brain !

Night’s shadows are deep,  
Upon turret and keep,

And the folk in the castle are all fast asleep,  
Enjoying a pleasant cessation of strife ;  
And chiefly Lord Raymond in bed with his wife,  
Who slumbers as soundly,  
And snores as profoundly,

As if he would sleep for the rest of his life.

But hearken, what din !  
Is this gathering within—

What a clatter of iron and crockery and tin—

What smashing,  
What crashing,  
What shouts and what roars,  
What slamming of doors,  
And throwing down stairs chairs and tables by  
scores !

Her ladyship wakes, full of wonder and fear,  
And calls up her husband the racket to hear ;  
But the baron, who guesses the cause o' the riot,  
Says he'd very much wish she had kept herself  
quiet—

Vows it's nothing at all  
But a common-place squall

That is rattling the bucklers and swords in the hall,  
And wonders such trifles his wife can appal.  
And his lady, though having good reason to doubt it,  
Thinks it better to say nothing further about it,  
Though still, as the noises go on all the night,  
She continues awake in a desperate fright ;  
And the baron himself, although shamming a snore,  
Never closes his eyes until quarter past four.

Lightly the morning's freshest breeze  
Is fanning the blue Pyrenees !

Whose snow-capped summits proudly tower,  
Resplendent in the day-god's light,  
While round their feet full many a flower  
Sips the last dewy kiss of night ;  
Where branches green  
Wave all unseen,  
In many a deep and wild ravine ;  
And streamlets, in whose crystal wave  
Fair girls their snowy limbs may lave ;  
With fairy tide,  
All rippling glide,  
In grassy nooks awhile to hide ;  
Then stealing forth, with silver spray,  
In mimic torrents dance and play ;  
Till on some lakelet's tranquil breast,  
Like froward babes, they sink to rest,  
And crag, and stream, and fairy bower,  
And snows, by human foot untrod,  
Are emblems from the hand of God  
Of beauty, majesty, and power !

But stay, 'tis day,  
And its beams display  
Last night's disasters in dire array !

Chairs and tables are all put astray,  
All the pictures turned the wrong way ;  
Shields and swords, that hung in the hall,  
All have tumbled down from the wall ;  
Then, in the kitchen, all the delf  
Has been pitched from every shelf,  
Plates, and dishes, and pitchers and jugs,  
Pots, and pans, and platters, and mugs,  
Are strewed around,  
All over the ground,  
There ain't a thing in its place to be found ;  
But the worst of all—a certain token  
'Twas Old Nick's work—is that nothing is  
broken !  
And the servants stare,  
With bristling hair,  
And a terrible dread of that earthenware ;  
Increased by the baron's daring mockery  
Of the powers Satanic,  
When, scorning their panic,  
He shouts—" You villains, take up the crockery ! "  
But, whatever their awe,  
That mandate is law,  
Which they dread as much as old Beelzebub's claw ;

So down, in a group,  
To obey it they stoop,

And one who, in daring, surpasses the rest  
Affecting to treat the whole thing as a jest,  
Is raising the largest of all the tureens,

When, he glances about,  
Gives one desperate shout,

To the floor goes the vessel in small smithereens ;  
Squires, vassals, and all  
Rush alarmed from the hall !

For from out the tureen, as that menial arose,  
A very small mouse had jumped up on his nose,  
Which he fancied, poor elf,  
Was the devil himself,

And awe-struck, of course, at his sad situation,  
Gave the shout that produced such sublime consternation.

Fierce is the ire of the chivalrous lord !

He swears to exhibit  
Each man on a gibbet,

Who refuses to touch the utensils abhorred ;  
And, by such kind of threats,  
In a short time he gets

The dishes and plates to their places restored ;  
Then makes the men swear  
That they never will dare  
To utter a sentence about the affair ;  
And vows that, if one of them talks of the dresser,  
'To even his wife or his father confessor,  
*He* knows what to do for the daring transgressor.

'Tis midnight once more,  
But the baron don't snore,  
But lies wide awake, while he cons o'er and o'er  
The riot that went on the midnight before ;  
When again it begins,  
The most furious of dins—  
Lord ! was ever man punished so much for his sins ?  
And now something furiously kicks at his door.  
With vexation he writhes,  
And cries—" Damn them for tithes ;  
Be they demons or angels I won't remain quiet—  
Who the devil are you that kick up such a riot ?"  
And jumps up in bed,  
While his lady, half dead  
With fright, pulls the counterpane over her head,  
Not caring to be carried off in his stead,

But seemingly not in the least degree loth  
That her husband should go to the devil for both.

The reply to the Knight  
Is in truth more polite

Than what from his question one might think his  
right;

Namely—"Orthon's my name,  
And I hitherward came,

For the Clerk of Corasse retribution to claim.

He vows that your conduct's excessively scurvy.

And bids me to knock the whole place topsy-turvy,  
Till such time as you choose,  
To 'come down' with your dues,

And the Clerk is a man that I may not refuse."

"Ho, ho!" says the knight, "so 'tis this little  
matter

That makes you create such a deuce of a clatter;  
But, Orthon, I say,  
Can you stoop to obey,

A chap like that Clerk in so shabby a way.  
A spirit of spunk,  
To be slave to a monk!

Besides, I've strong notions of cutting his throat,  
And pitching his 'corpus' outside in the moat;

But 'n'importe,' as to that,

Just now, answer me flat—

Will you give up, old fellow, this churlish divine,  
And instead of his service be entered in mine?"

This speech of the Knight,

In so woeful a plight,

The friendship of Orthon conciliates quite ;

Who vows to the grave

To be thenceforth his slave—

Then whispers three words which I'm bound not to  
write,

To which the Lord Raymond replies " Honour  
bright!"

And in less than a minute, the long corridor  
Re-echoes no sound save his highness's snore.

Night after night,

This singular sprite

At the baron's bedside would, at midnight, alight ;

And speak in his ear

What took place far and near ;

And often, by these means, the baron would hear,  
In a day, what his friends might not know in a  
year.

In fact, through this Orthon he learned, in a word,  
All that happened, almost at the time it occurred ;  
And, throughout the whole province, his quick  
information,

Of whatever took place, caused profound admiration.

Now the baron would oft intelligence send  
To the Count de Foix, his particular friend,

Of things which the sprite  
Used to tell him at night—

The value of which was not frequently slight ;

And the Count cannot guess  
By what sort of express

He hears all his news—and he cannot repress

His wish to find out  
Who the deuce is the scout,

Who can manage to travel so swiftly about,

And discover what's done  
Everywhere 'neath the sun ;

And one night, as the baron and he sit together,  
Discussing the state of the crops and the weather ;—

Being both rather mellow,  
From old Calcavella,  
He learns from the Knight  
The whole tale of the sprite,  
And exclaims—" 'Pon my life, you're a d——d  
lucky wight !

But what sort is this creature,  
In figure and feature,  
Who acts in a way so exceeding polite ? "

" Egad ! " says the baron, " though strange it  
appear,  
Of one who conveys so much news to my ear,  
I never yet saw him." " You didn't ? —how  
queer !

When next in your way he may happen to throw  
himself,  
My friend, you'll oblige me by making him show  
himself."

" Very well," says Lord Raymond ; and that very  
night,  
To the baron's bed-side comes the comical sprite,  
He seems somewhat distressed  
At the baron's request ;

But the latter on pleasing his guest appears bent.  
So says Orthon, at last—" Very well, I consent ;  
I hope *you* shan't have any cause to repent ;

When to-morrow you rise,  
I'll appear to your eyes,  
On your quitting your room ;  
But if you shall presume

To insult me in any way—mark me, my friend—  
All connection between us must instantly end."  
And thus having spoken, away flies the sprite,  
And the baron goes soundly to sleep for the night.

At five the baron jumps out of bed,

And his night-cap red  
He pulls off his head,

And says, with a sort of self-satisfied grunt—

" 'Tis a capital morning, by Jove ! for a hunt ;  
But no—I'm infernally puzzled for blunt.

I must manage to pillage  
The next Spanish village—

Those vassals of mine have no genius for tillage.

But," he pulls on his boots,  
" Who can blame the poor brutes,  
For disliking such very unwarlike pursuits ?

Thank heaven, we're surrounded by capital neighbours,

And can easily get at the fruit of their labours.

Work is very distressing,"

(He now has done dressing

And quitted his room) " and 'tis really a blessing,

To—Lord ! did I ever behold until now,

Such a horrible, ill-looking brute as that sow !

Complete bone and skin,

And as ugly as thin ;

She's quite a disgrace

To a nobleman's place.

Hallo ! Hugh, set the dogs on that rascally  
brute!"

But 'twere idle pursuit,

For the sow, although mute

Till the order was given—with a wonderful cry—

Has vanished at once from the nobleman's eye !

Not a soul can tell where,

In the earth or the air,

But 'tis perfectly clear she no longer is there,

And Hugh and the baron at each other stare,

Exceedingly puzzled about the affair.

The Lord of Corasse for a moment reflects,  
And the warning of Orthon he soon recollects ;

And 'tis clear to him now  
That that lean-looking sow,  
Which he saw disappear,  
In a manner so queer,

Was none else than the spirit, and great is his fear,  
That his haste and imprudence have cut their con-  
nection,

Which makes him a prey to the deepest dejection ;  
For night follows night,  
But they bring not the sprite ;

The Lord of Corasse grows dispirited quite,  
And pines slowly away,  
By a gradual decay,

And before the year's end is converted to clay !  
O'er his body his widow and vassals erect  
A beautiful tomb, as a mark of respect,  
Where stretched at full length, looking up to the  
skies,

His effigy—just like an epitaph—lies ;  
And close to his feet—one may see it there  
now—

There's a figure in stone of a lean-looking sow.

(A coincidence here I, perhaps, should point out,  
Though I don't know what light on the story it  
throws,  
Which is that the baron has lost half his nose,  
And the sow has got rid of two-thirds of her snout)—

The arms are effaced,  
But one line can be traced  
Of inscription, and none seems to have been erased,  
Though this is concealed amid rubbish and grass—  
“*Ec. git Raymond, le dernier Seigneur de Corasse !*”



## THE DEVIL AND TOM CONNOLLY.

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“  SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky.”

“ What a beautiful day for the scent to lie !”

Says a huntsman old, with a very keen eye,  
And a very red nose, to a whipper-in by ;

As he sits on the back

Of a very spruce hack,

And looks with delight on a beautiful pack  
Of foxhounds, as ever yet ran on a track.

There were Howler and Jowler, and Towser and  
Yelper,

And Boxer and Pincher, and Snarler and Skelper—  
But alas ! and alack ! that it rests to be said,  
The last of that pack is some eighty years dead !

And the huntsman, that sat on the back  
    Of that hack,  
Died very soon after the last of that pack—  
Having kept up the chase by good humour and  
    mirth,  
Till Death one fine afternoon ran him to earth.  
Rest to his bones ! he has gone for aye,  
And the sod lies cold on his colder clay ;  
He lists no more to the deep-mouthed bay,  
Nor wakes the hills with his “ hark away ! ”  
But never did man a hunting-whip crack,  
That I’d back at a fence against red-nosed Jack.

---

The cover is reached—and a better array  
Of sportsmen it never has seen than to-day.

’Tis as gallant a field  
    As all Ireland could yield :

The horsemen to all kinds of devilment steel’d—  
The best of the senate, the bench, and the bar,  
Whose mirth even Petty and Coke couldn’t mar.  
Bright spirits ! regarded with pride by a race  
That loved Genius unmasked by Stupidity’s face ;  
Nor fancied that Wisdom high places should quit,  
If she flung round her shoulders the mantle of Wit !

The hunting-cap triumphs to-day o'er the wig—  
The ermine is doffed for a sportsmanlike rig—  
But enough of the horsemen : the nags that they ride  
Are as noble as horsemen might ever bestride—

In bottom or speed,  
Few could match them indeed,  
And if put to the pound wall of Ballinasloe,  
There are plenty amongst them would never look—  
“No.”

But the best-mounted man at that gay cover side  
Is honest Tom Connolly, Castletown’s pride ;  
And mirth and good fellowship beam in his eye,  
Such a goodly collection of guests to descry :

For guests shall be all  
In Tom Connolly’s hall,  
Who keeps “open house” for the great and the  
small ;  
And none who takes share in the fox-hunt to-day,  
Ere midnight from Castletown’s mansion shall stray.  
Right warm are the greetings that welcome the squire,  
As he rides up—but all this preamble will tire ;  
Besides that the hounds through the brushwood are  
dodging,  
And making inquiries where Reynard is lodging :

Some snuffing the ground  
With a caution profound ;  
Some running and poking their noses all round ;  
And now of the whole not a vestige is there,  
But a number of tails all cocked up in the air ;  
And now there's a bark, and a yelp, and a cry,  
And the horsemen are still standing anxiously by ;  
And some of the pack  
Are at length on the track ;  
And now there's a shout !  
Sly old Reynard leaps out—  
“ Hold hard ! ” “ Don't ride over the dogs ! ” What  
a scramble !  
Away go the hounds in the wake of the fox !  
Away go the horsemen thro' brushwood and bramble !  
Away go they all, o'er brooks, fences, and rocks !  
Afar in the plain  
They are stretching amain :  
Each sinew and nerve do the gallant steeds strain ;  
While the musical cry of the fleet-footed hound  
Is ringing in chorus melodiously round,  
And the horseman who rides at the tail of the  
pack  
Is a very tall gentleman, dressed all in black !

Away ! away ! On his restless bed  
His wearied limbs let the sluggard spread,  
His eyes on the glorious morning close,  
And fancy ease in that dull repose !  
Give *me* to taste of the freshening draught  
Of the early breeze, on the green hill  
quaffed !

Give *me* to fly, with the lightning's speed,  
On the bounding back of the gallant steed !  
Give *me* to bend o'er the floating mane,  
While the blood leaps wild in each thrilling  
vein !

Oh ! who that has felt the joy intense,  
To tempt the torrent, to dare the fence,  
But feels each pleasure beside give place  
To the manly danger that waits the chase ?

Onward still—'tis a spanking run,  
As e'er was seen by morning's sun !

Onward still  
O'er plain and hill—

'Gad 'tis a pace the devil to kill !

A few of the nags it will puzzle I trow  
To ride at that neat bit of masonry now.

Steady there, black fellow !—over he goes ;  
Well done, old bay !—ho ! the brown fellow toes—  
And pitches his rider clean out on his nose !  
Eighteen out of fifty their mettle attest—  
There's a very nice view from the road for the rest !

And now the “boreen,”\*  
With that rascally screen  
Of furze on each bank—by old Nim., that's a  
pozer !

There's the black fellow at it—'Gad, over he  
goes, sir.

Well done, Connolly ! stick to the nigger, you  
dog !

Though he does seem old Beelzebub riding incog.

Ha ! the third fellow's blown—  
No go, Doctor, you're thrown,  
And have fractured your “dexter clavicular” bone.  
Gad, here's the Solicitor-General down on him :  
Who could think that he ever had got wig or gown  
on him ?

Cleared gallantly ! but sure 'tis plain common sense,  
Bar practice should fit a man well for a fence.

---

\* A narrow by-road.

Five more show they're good ones, in bottom and  
speed ;

But that tall, strange, black gentleman still keeps  
the lead !

Ha ! Reynard, you're done for, my boy ! at your back  
Old Jowler and Clinker come, leading the pack ;

Ay, close at your brush

They are making a rush ;

Come face 'em, old fellow, and die like a thrush !

Well snapped, but won't do,

My poor "modereen rue ! "\*

That squeeze in the gullet has finished your breath ;  
And that very black horseman is in at the death !

The very black horseman dismounts from his steed,  
And takes off Reynard's brush, with all sportsman-  
like heed ;

Then, patting the nag,

With the air of a wag,

Says, "This is *cool* work, my old fellow, to-day !"  
At which the black steed gives a very loud neigh ;

---

\* A fox. Literally a little red dog.

And it *is* odd indeed,  
Neither rider nor steed  
Seems one whit the worse of their very great speed ;  
Though the next four or five,  
Who this moment arrive,  
Their horses all foaming, themselves all bemired,  
Look beyond any doubt pretty heartily tired,  
As they think, "Who the deuce can be this chap  
in black,  
Who has ridden all day at the tail of the pack ?"

The group has come up with the stranger the while,  
Who takes off his hat to the squire, with a smile,  
And hands him the brush, with an air most  
polite,  
Expressing his joy at transferring the right,  
Which only the speed of his hunter had won,  
To him who had shown them so noble a run,  
And whose name, he would add,  
He had heard, from a lad,  
As a toast through all Ireland for humour and fun.

“ ’Gad, sir,” says the squire,  
“ Whether most to admire

Your politeness or daring I'm puzzled to say ;  
But though I've seen hunting enough in my day,  
    All I've met with must yield  
    To *your* feats in the field.

I trust I at least can induce you to dine,  
And your horsemanship pledge in a bumper of  
    wine,  
And if longer you'll honour my house as a dweller,  
All I promise you is, you'll find more in the cellar."

" Thanks, Tom !—I beg pardon, I make so d——d  
    free,

When a man of your thorough good nature I see !  
But excuse it."—"Excuse it, my excellent friend !  
'Tis the thing of all others I wish you'd not  
    mend ;

None but a good fellow had ever the trick.  
But *your* name by the way?"—"Mine ! oh, pray  
    call me Nick."

" Very good—there's a spice of the devil about it !"  
" A spice of the devil ! ay, faith, who can doubt it ?  
I'm dressed by the way in his livery sainted,  
But they say the old boy's not as black as he's  
    painted ;

And this clerical suit ——.”—“ You’re no parson  
sure—come ? ”

“ Ah, no pumping on that, my friend, Connolly—  
mum !

This clerical suit, faith, though sombre and sad,  
Is no bad thing at all, with the women, my lad ! ”

“ Well done, Nick ! On my life,  
I’ll look after my wife

If you come in her way.”—“ Gad,” says Nick with  
a laugh,

“ To look after yourself would be better by half.”

“ Look after myself ! ” says the squire ; “ Lord !  
why so ?

You’ve no partnership sure with your namesake  
below ? ”

“ No,” says Nick, with a squint,  
“ I mean only to hint ;

But I’ll do it more plainly, for fear of mistake—  
If we play at blind-hookey, be d——d wide awake.”

Then, with laughter and jest,  
Honest Tom and his guest

Ride along, while their humour is shared by the  
rest,

Who vow one and all,  
Master Nick to install,

As the prince of good fellows ; and just at nightfall  
They reach most good-humour'dly Castletown  
Hall.

'Tis a glorious thing when the wintry sun,  
Ashamed of himself, has cut and run ;  
When the drizzling rain falls thick and fast,  
And the shivering poplars stand aghast ;  
No sight abroad, but the landscape bleak,  
No sound, save whistle, and howl, and creak ;—  
'Tis a glorious thing, in that dismal hour,  
To be snugly housed from the tempest's power,  
With a blazing fire, and a smoking board,  
With "all the best things of the season" stored !  
Not costly, mind, but a good plain dinner,  
To suit the wants of an erring sinner :  
Say oyster soup and "potage au jus,"  
The latter is bad if they make it with glue ;  
A turbot or salmon one blandly surveys,  
And eels, à la Tartare, 'tis hard to dispraise ;  
Some people prefer them cooked en matelote,  
And I'm not very certain which way I should vote ;

A couple of entrées one might add to these,  
Ris de veau say, and cotelettes à la Soubise ;  
Indeed, for myself, I confess I feel partial  
At times to this favourite “ plât ” of the Marshal,  
And can sympathise quite with his luckless disaster,  
When Seidlitz laid hold of the chops for his master—  
A digression, but then, 'tis not often one pops  
On a cavalry general charging for chops ;—\*  
Fowl, too, not the horrible things that they cram,  
Some people may like to partake of, with ham ;  
Though, talking of ham, there's but one place they  
cure a

Ham properly in, namely, Estremadura ;  
Still, if Estramadura ham cannot be had,  
Westphalia or Yorkshire is not very bad ;—  
A rôti, game, sweet things, and then the dessert,  
And one may make his dinner, I dare to assert.  
Chablis, Xeres, Champagne, and, than nectar  
sublimer,  
Johannisberg ! Give me not hot Rudesheimer,

---

\* General Seidlitz surprised Marshal Soubise in the Battle of Rossbach, November 5, 1757, and actually had the dinner which was cooked for him, for Frederick of Prussia to partake of.

Or that queerly named wine, the shy traveller  
tries so

To shirk, that they call from the gates of old  
Piso !

I drank the true stuff, from old Metternich's cellar,  
Of yore, when in pleasant Vienna a dweller,  
The guest of the liveliest of Monsignori,  
That ever subscribed to the text of Liguori.\*—  
While, to finish the evening, there's nothing I know  
Like old Château Margaux, or prime Clos Vougeot ;  
Some very good judges say—"Stick to the  
claret !"

But a glass of good Vin de Bourgogne will not  
mar it.

Long flourish the vine,  
With its bright wealth of wine,

On the banks of Cephisus, the steep rocks of Rhine !  
Where Marne, and where Aube, too oft reddened by  
strife,

Still yield us the sparkling elixir of life !

---

\* Monsignor, subsequently Cardinal O——, the most  
agreeable, unaffected, little prelate that ever trod the thorny  
path of diplomacy.

Where Saône bathes the feet of the glowing  
Côte d'Or !

Where gay Garonne kisses the ruby-gemmed shore !

Where Rhone's regal tide moves majestic along !

Where Douro foams fiercely his rude rocks among !

Where broad Guadalquiver's murk waters are rolled !

Where Tagus sweeps seaward his rich sands of gold !

Where Danube rolls down his magnificent flood,

Through vineyards all blushing with Bacchanal blood !

Wherever the deep purple clusters impart

A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart !

The clusters that Bacchus bestowed from above !

The clusters that moistened the lip of young Love !

But enough—to their dinner the hunting-folk sit !

With a silence displaying more wisdom than wit :

    But with the dessert

    Wit begins to assert

His claims to attention ; and near to its close

Takes the field, while old Wisdom goes off in a doze.

Then, after a couple of bumpers of wine,

Ye gods, how the urchin commences to shine !

While, as for the stranger, his feats in the field

To his feats at the table unspeakably yield—

In drinking, in laughing, in frolic, and jest,  
He seems but the sun who gives light to the rest ;  
And after a while, when the squire begs a song of him,  
He sings for them this, which grave folk will think  
wrong of him ;—

A fig for Philosophy's rules !

Our stay is too brief upon earth,  
To spare any time in the schools,  
Save those of Love, Music, and Mirth :  
Yes ! their's is the exquisite lore  
We can learn in life's summer by heart ;  
While the winter of gloomy fourscore  
Leaves us fools in Philosophy's art.  
Oh ! surely if life's but a day,  
'Tis vain o'er dull volumes to pine :  
Let the sage choose what studies he may,  
But Mirth, Love, and Music be mine !

What a fool was Chaldea's old seer  
Who studied the planets afar !  
While the bright eye of woman is near—  
My book be that beautiful star !  
The lore of the planets who seeks

Is years in acquiring the art ;  
While the language dear woman's eye speaks  
Is learned in a minute by heart !  
Then surely if life's but a day,  
'Tis vain o'er dull volumes to pine ;  
Let the stars be *his* book as they may,  
But the bright eye of woman be mine !

The chymist may learnedly tell  
Of the treasures his art can unmask ;  
But the grape juice has in it a spell  
Which is all of his lore that I ask.  
In gazing on woman's bright eyes  
I feel all the star-student's bliss ;  
And chymistry's happiest prize  
I find in a goblet like this !  
Then fill up—if life's but a day,  
What fool o'er dull volumes would pine ?  
Love and Mirth we can learn on the way,  
And to praise them in Music be mine !

“Hip, hip, hurrah !”  
How they're cheering away.  
“Hip, hip”—They're growing uncommonly gay,

“Hip—’tis a way we’ve got in the”—hic—hiccup—  
Lord, what a deuce of a shindy they kick up !

But at length they have done,  
And drop off, one by one,  
From their chairs, overcome by the claret and fun :  
And at a quarter to four  
All lie stretched on the floor,  
Enjoying in chorus a mighty fine snore ;  
While still to the claret like gay fellows stick  
The warm-hearted squire and his jolly friend Nick.

There’s a cooper of wine by Tom Connolly’s  
chair,  
And he stoops for a bottle—At what does he  
stare ?

Can it be——? Oh ! no doubt.  
My fine lad, you’re found out !

There’s the cloven foot plainly as eye can behold.  
“Cut your stick,  
Master Nick,  
If I may make so bold !  
'Pon my life, what a jest,  
To have you for my guest—  
You, toping by dozens Lafitte’s very best !

Be off, sir ! you've drunk of my wine to satiety—”  
“ No, thank you,” says Nick ; “ Tom, I like your  
society—

I like your good humour, I relish your wit,  
And I'm d——d but I *very* much like your Lafitte.

You may guess that your wine  
Has more bouquet than mine :

And I'll stay my old boy, in your mansion a dweller,  
While a drop of *such* claret remains in your cellar !  
I've my reasons for this, but 'twere needless to  
state 'em,  
For this, my dear fellow, is my ultimatum !”

Tom rings for the flunkies : they enter,—What now ?  
He looks at old Nick, with a very dark brow,  
And says, while the latter complacently bears  
His glance—“ Kick that insolent rascal down stairs.”

At their master's behest,  
They approach to the guest,  
Though to kick him down stairs seems no joke at the  
best ;  
But when they draw near,  
With a humorous leer

Nick cries—" My good friends, you had better be civil.

"Tis not pleasant, believe me, to deal with the devil !  
I'm that much-abused person—so do keep aloof,  
And, lest you should doubt me, pray look at my hoof."  
Then lifting his leg with an air most polite,  
He places the cloven hoof full in their sight,

When at once, with a roar,

They all rush to the door ;

And stumbling o'er wine-coopers, sleepers, and chairs,

Never stop till they've got to the foot of the stairs.

The parson is sent for—he comes—'tis no go—

Nick plainly defies him to send him below :

With a comical phiz,

Says he'll stay where he is,

And bids him begone, for an arrant old quiz !

Asks how is his mother ; and treats him indeed

With impertinence nothing on earth could exceed.

A pleasant finale, in truth, to a feast,

There's but one hope remaining—to send for the priest ;

Though the parson on hearing it says 'tis all fudge,  
And vows that *he* ne'er will induce Nick to  
budge.

Still, as 'tis the sole hope of getting a severance  
From Nick, the squire sends off at once for his  
reverence,

And would send for the Pope  
If he saw any hope

That his power could induce the old boy to elope.

Father Malachi, sure that for Nick he's a match,  
Doesn't ask better sport than to come to the  
scratch ;

And arrives at the hall  
In the midst of them all,

While the frightened domestics scarce venture to  
crawl :

And, learning the state of affairs from the Squire,  
Says he'll soon make his guest from the parlour  
retire,

If he'll only agree  
To give him rent free

A plot for a chapel ; but if he refuses,  
Master Nick may stay with him as long he chooses.

“ A plot for a chapel ! ” Tom Connolly cries :  
“ ‘ Faith, I’ll build one myself, that will gladden  
your eyes,

If old Nick  
Cuts his stick.”

“ That he shall double quick,  
If you’ll undertake to stand mortar and brick.”  
“ Agreed ! ” says the Squire ; so the priest takes his  
book,

Giving Nick at the same time a terrible look—

Then th’ exorcism begins,  
But old Nick only grins,

And asks him to read out the Table of Sins ;

“ For between you and me,  
Holy father,” says he,  
“ That’s light and agreeable reading, you see,  
And, if you look it carefully over, I’d bet,  
Your reverence will find you’re a bit in my  
debt ! ”

At an insult so dire,  
Father Malachi’s ire  
Was aroused in an instant ; so, closing the book,  
He gives the arch-rascal one desperate look,

Then, with blessed precision, the volume let's fly,  
And hits the arch enemy fair in the eye !

There is a terrible yell  
That might startle all hell !

A flash, and a very strong brimstony smell !

And, save a great cleft,  
From his exit so deft,

Not a trace of the gentleman's visit is left ;  
But the book which was flung  
In his visage, has clung

To the wainscot, and sticks so tenaciously to it,  
You'd fancy some means supernatural glue it ;  
And his reverence in fact finds it fixed in the mortar,  
To the wonder of all, a full inch and a quarter !  
Where the mark of it still to this day may be seen,  
Or if not, they can show you where once it has been ;  
And if after that any doubts on it seize you,  
All *I* can say is—'Tis not easy to please you !

The delight of the Squire I, of course, can't express,  
That 'tis boundless indeed you might easily guess.

The very next day  
He gives orders to lay  
The chapel's foundation ; and early in May,

If in his excursions Nick happened to pass there,  
He might see Father Malachi celebrate mass there;  
And it stands to this day, slate, stone, mortar and  
brick,

By Tom Connolly built, to get rid of old Nick.

Since the period that Nick got this touch in the eye,  
Of displaying his hoof he has grown very shy :  
You can scarce find him out by his ill-shapen stump,  
For he sticks to the rule—"KEEP YOUR TOE IN  
YOUR PUMP."



## THE BEARD OR THE BISHOPRIC.

---



POPE PAUL assembled the Council of Trent,  
And thither the Abbé Duprat went ;  
A priest he was right eloquent,  
And skilled in scholastic argument ;  
Who at logic would floor  
All who came, by the score ;  
Dr. Döllinger could not in our day do more.  
He, in fact, was a mighty great gun in those dim ages,  
And fired away loudly in all the great scrimmages,  
On saint invocation, indulgences, images,  
Confession auricular, penance, in short,  
All things of that sort ;  
Besides questions then dignified as metaphysical,  
Though by us, "degenerate moderns," thought quizzical ;

As for instance to say,  
What decision would sway

A hungry ass, placed 'twixt two bundles of hay ;  
Whether, fixed by contending attractions, he'd stay  
In the middle and starve—or else move either  
way ?

Which question the schoolmen all viewed with  
dismay.

Though 'twould humble their pride,  
Yet it can't be denied,

That only an ass could the matter decide,  
And that he'd do it for them at once were he tried !  
Still Abbé Duprat couldn't help the old schoolmen,  
If they put forth questions but fitted to fool men.  
For himself, ere a pint of Madeira you'd toss  
off, he

Would run through the Aristotelian philosophy ;  
And many a wight he extinguisher clapt on,  
At the Council, in "darii," "baroko," "felapton,"  
And much did the Pope and the cardinals stare,  
And the bishops and archbishops congregate there,

At his deep information,  
And argumentation,

His skill in the science of ratiocination ;

Till the cardinals thought it was “all round their hats ;”

He made them appear all such regular flats.

And the bishops and archbishops listened with awe,

To hear him lay down the canonical law,

So clear was his logic—so free 'twas from flaw !

Now the Abbé Duprat had a long flowing beard,  
With oil of macassar profusely besmeared,  
Which with deepest affection he long had revered—  
[If I in pronouncing the word thus have erred,  
The reader who chooses may change it to  
“ berd.”

But Walker, he'll see,  
In his dictionary,

A work which from errors is commonly free,  
Gives the accentuation as given by me.]

But resuming my tale : each particular hair  
The Abbé regarded with tenderest care,  
And oft would his features delightfully glow

As he witnessed them grow,  
Far his girdle below,  
With their beautiful flow,

And thought if they went on progressively so,  
The time might arrive when they'd reach to his  
toe ;

Like the beard of the artist, Johannes Mayo,  
A man six feet high who could eat legs of mutton  
whole,

And fastened the beard aforesaid to his button-hole ;  
As if left to itself, 'twould be sweeping the street,  
And getting most awkwardly under his feet.

Though the Emperor Charles—Mayo lived at his  
court—

Would order him sometimes to loose it for sport,  
Being gratified much at his courtiers' grimaces,  
When the wind blew his favourite's beard in their  
faces.

And the Abbé Duprat had a glorious ambition  
To bring his beard into as fine a condition ;  
While it certainly promised, in due course of time,  
To become in its way altogether sublime.

Now the Abbé Duprat, we have mentioned before,  
Was quite a great gun at all clerical lore,  
And the Pope was determined to give him a lift,  
To the first pleasant berth that he had in his gift ;

So the bishop of Clermont dying one day,  
His mitre and crozier were, without delay,  
Transferred to the Abbé, with visage so hairy,  
Who never once said, “ *Nolo episcopari !* ”  
But set off at once, with abundance of glee,  
To enter into the vacant see.

’Tis the morn of the sabbath, and tolling to prayer,  
The peal of the church-bells chimes sweet on the air,  
And the streets of old Clermont look wondrously gay,  
With folk all decked out in their newest array ;  
And their several faces distinctly pourtray  
That there’s something uncommon expected to-day ;  
But, without more preamble, suffice it to say,  
That the church-bells are ringing in Clermont’s old  
steeple,  
And the streets are surprisingly crowded with people.

Proud is the old cathedral pile !  
With its fretted vault and its lofty aisle,  
Where the pealing anthem’s gathering swell  
Holds the spirit rapt in its hallowing spell ;  
While the light through the beauteous oriels thrown  
Sheds its softening hues on the lifeless stone ;

And 'twould seem that prayer, with its voice profound,  
Gave a spirit's feeling to all around,  
And the cold, grey, silent walls became  
Infused with soul at the Godhead's name !  
And the lights on the lofty altar burn,  
And the incense breathes from the golden urn—  
But, 'mid music, and incense, and lights, I ween,  
The new-made bishop is not to be seen.

But hark ! he comes—  
There's a flourish of drums  
And trumpets, and mute expectation benumbs  
The people, who stare,  
With inquisitive air,  
In much the same style they do every where.  
And well might they now at the tall grenadiers,  
(Though grenades were not used in those days, it  
appears ;  
For though we may trust to historical faith,  
That bombshells were thrown by King Charles the  
Eighth,  
When he laid siege to Naples, fourteen ninety-five,  
The first use of grenades, at which I can arrive,

Was at Wachtendonke's siege by Count Mansfeldt,  
as late

As the year fifteen hundred and—stay—eighty-  
eight—

One can't be too cautious in matters of date.

Still there were tall men with steel smallclothes and  
spears,

Who would be so called if they lived in our years—)

And there are small boys,  
In green corduroys,

For cloth breeches a young gaffer quickly destroys,  
(And then, these are quite  
Out of all people's sight,

For the younkers have over them albs snowy white,  
Which seem to themselves to give wondrous delight);  
And one with a censor the bishop is smoking,  
In a manner a layman would think most provoking;  
And one has his crozier, and one has his mitre,  
And a beadle is there looking like a prize-fighter,  
With other attendants who seem far politer;

While, of course, as first fiddle,  
The bishop himself rides along in the middle,  
On a mule, that is led by two little boys more,  
And with crimson and gold is bedizened all o'er—

(For judges then went upon mules to assizes,  
Though at coaches and four now their ire sometimes  
rises)—

While the beard that he prizes  
So monstrous in size is

That one half of his person it fully disguises ;  
And a Cockney who sees him cries out, as he  
stares,

“ My eye ! don’t he give himself mighty great *hairs!* ”

And now the cortège has reached, in state,  
The old cathedral’s outer gate,  
Where a deputation the bishop await,  
Who nears them with visage exceeding elate—  
Ah ! little he guesses his doleful fate !

Alas : alas !

What things come to pass :  
The miser his treasures of gold will amass,  
And yet all the time he’s a silly jackass ;  
The lover will pine for some frivolous lass,  
Who forgets him whenever she looks in her glass ;  
The poet writes “ verses more lasting than brass,”  
And lies mould’ring himself under six feet of grass.

And a thousand such things one may mention—  
but, psha !

What has it to do with our bishop Duprat ?

The gate he nears  
'Mid the people's cheers,  
(Surrounded still by his grenadiers) ;  
Canons three,  
There doth he see,  
Woful vision for him, ah me !

For there, alas ! do the canons stand,  
One with a pair of scissors in hand,  
One with a razor—Mechi's best—  
(That they then existed you'd never have guessed),  
And the third, ah me ! with a barbarous book,  
Upon which the bishop but casts a look,  
When he says to himself, “ By the powers I'm  
shook ! ”

For the chapter open before his face is  
Entitled—to show what a hopeless case his—  
In huge red letters, “ DE BARBIS BASIS ! ”  
For alack, in Clermont's diocese,  
After what's been said, 'tis easy to guess,

There stands against beards a statute express !

Neither bishop nor priest

Must look like a beast,

But ere he goes into the church must be fleeced ;

And even the wonderful Abbé Duprat

Must get rid of his beard spite of all his eclât,

For his chin like a billiard-table must be,

Ere he'll be admitted to Clermont's see !

Alas ! for the bishop, what can he do ?

In vain does he sue,

To that merciless crew,

No ! never looked matters so cursedly blue ;

In vain does he ask for a respite of one day—

Says, “Surely you wouldn't use scissors on Sunday !”

The canons look dogged as old Mrs. Grundy ;

And to all his entreaties and prayers they but shout,

In merciless chorus, “Be shaved or stay out !”

The bishop looks puzzled—the bishop looks glum,  
As did Jack when the giant exclaimed “fee-faw-fum !”

Must he give up his beard,

So beloved and endeared,

Or his bishopric ?—No middle course can be steered.

He pauses perplexed,  
 Looks confoundedly vexed,  
 (And I'm sorry I must relate what he does next,  
 For bishops, though angry, should better behave),  
 But he cries in a rage, “ I'll be d——d if I shave ! ”  
 Goes home to his lodgings—takes ill—goes to bed—  
 And before the week's end the poor bishop is dead.

---

Some say 'twas vexation—some say 'twas remorse,  
 At his hasty expression, that made him a corse !  
 And some say he died of a fall from his horse.

When accounts so much vary  
 One's in a quandary,  
 To know which to believe, for to trust all one's chary.  
 But as he rode a mule,  
 The man must be a fool  
 Who the last-mentioned cause of his death would  
 indorse  
 For authentic: two matters can only be said—  
 First, he died, and he (secondly) died in his bed.

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I trust that this tale won't the inference favour  
 • That the mitre to gain, one must be a keen shaver.

## THE BALD BARRYS;

### OR THE WHITE THORN OF KILDINAN.

[The De Barrys, or Barrys—for they long since dropped the Norman prefix—were amongst the boldest of the adventurers who accompanied Strongbow to Ireland; one of them, Robert de Barry, being the first combatant slain on the invading side. They became one of the most powerful of the Anglo-Norman families, with large territorial possessions, and obtained the Barony of Santry, the Viscountcy of Buttevant, (so called from their war-cry, “Boutez-en-avant!” when storming the place), and the Earldom of Barrymore. All three peerages are now extinct.]



H ! the land of Munster is broad and fair,  
From the banks of Suir to the cliffs of  
Clare;  
And many a smiling valley, I ween,  
On its wide expanse may to-day be seen ;  
But a fairer plain the gazer's eye  
On that wide expanse could scarce espy,  
Than that which, tinged by the evening sun,  
Kildinan's abbey looked down upon.  
And the abbey-tow'rs stood, bold and high,  
In the evening light, 'gainst the eastern sky ;

And the vesper-bell, from the grey old fane,  
Made music sweet o'er the tranquil plain ;  
And sweeter music the vesper-hymn,  
As it rose thro' the aisles, with incense dim.  
But many a year has passed since there  
Has been heard the music of chime or pray'r !  
And scarce some moss-clad stones remain,  
Of the once revered and sacred fane.  
Nor in its old churchyard, long renowned,  
Can the site of a single tomb be found ;  
Where, at fragrant eve or at dewy morn,  
No longer blossoms its blessed thorn !

Not far from Kildinan there stood, at the time  
Of the incident that I narrate in my rhyme,

A mansion renowned

Thro' the whole country round,

For a splendour the like of which nowhere was found.

Its owner was one of a gallant old race

As ever looked danger or death in the face,

And ever was ready the hand to extend,

With a blow for the foe, or a grasp for the friend !

Who, when might

Stood for right,

Held their own in the fight ;  
Caring little what soil  
They invaded for spoil,  
And, so cowardice stained not the scutcheon they  
bore,  
Regardless who stood their bold onset before ;  
Which, fiery and fast  
As the hurricane blast,  
Over many a red field of conflict had passed,  
For, when “ Boutez-en-avant ! ” rang high in the air,  
Be sure that the thick of the combat was there !  
But the hand, strong to seize, was as free to  
bestow,  
And what valour had won was shared nobly with  
woe ;  
While no chief of his pedigree, by the lord Harry,  
In giving, at least, surpassed David de Barry,  
Known well thro’ all Munster, both near and afar,  
As Mac Adam, the owner of famed Lisnegar.

Now, with gallant De Barry, as chief of the sept,  
Some dozen stout kinsmen all ate, drank and slept ;  
For the race was prolific, thro’ broad Barrymore,  
Where plenty among them are still “ to the fore ; ”

Where Barry's-court stands in its lordly decay ;  
Where Foaty's twin turrets look down on its bay ;  
Where old Carrigtuohil beholds the old stock  
Still muster in force, round the famous old rock ;  
While another broad barony likewise can show  
How they flourished on all sides—wave-lashed  
Barryroe.

But I've strayed rather far,  
From the famed Lisnegar ;  
Where, as I observed, uncles, nephews and  
cousins,  
Surrounded De Barry, their liege-lord, by dozens ;  
All ready to do what he chanced but to will,  
Caring little to know if for good or for ill.

At Shanaclough, close by the banks of the Bride,  
Did one more of the name, Edmund Barry, reside—

A sportsman right keen,  
Such as seldom is seen—

Who rode straight to his hounds, wheresoever they  
ran,  
Taking bank, wall, and water, alike, like a man.  
Now bold Edmund Barry, whose name was re-  
nowned

'Mongst all who rejoiced in the yelp of a hound,  
A fox in his favourite cover once found,  
That, from morning till night, kept the hounds on  
his track,  
And then disappeared in the midst of the pack—  
Not a soul in the hunt could tell whither or how,  
Nor can I give the slightest account of it now ;  
But, from that period out,  
It was bruited about,  
That, if sport chanced to lack  
To the Shanaclough pack,  
Its master but gave a long whistle, and straight—  
Most surprising to state—  
On the barest of rocks  
Would appear an old fox ;  
Keep them well at their work, for the rest of the day,  
And then from the midst of the hounds get away ;  
So, throughout all Munster, the fame widely flew,  
Of Barry of Shanaclough's "modera rue" \*  
Some folk—superstitious, as well as uncivil—  
Averred that the "modera rue" was the d——l ;  
While a wag once exclaimed—"Ned, your sport  
ne'er can flag man,

---

\* "Fox"—literally "red dog."

As you're sure of a run from the Shanaclough  
bagman."

But Ned, though of temper 'twas hard to provoke,  
They say showed some little chagrin at the joke.

Well, one day, our chieftain, determined to test  
If the tale of this wonderful fox was a jest,  
Rode off to a meet,  
With the whole of his suite,—

A word, in those days meaning followers numerous,  
But in ours, it would seem, by a travestie  
humorous,

Applied to the urchin, Tom, Jerry or Nicholas,  
Who carries our traps, in a way most ridiculous—  
And it chanced, in the very first cover they drew,  
They found Edmund Barry's famed "modera  
rue,"

Who treated them 'faith, to a grand view halloo !  
If I tried to narrate the details of the run,

I should never have done ;  
The feats of the horsemen, you'd swear, were a  
bounce,  
The names of the places you ne'er could pro-  
nounce ;

For some names in the south  
Take a well-tutored mouth,  
Not to say how—what's worse—  
They embarrass one's verse.—

For, among all the poets, sure never a fellow got  
Such a name to make rhyme for as Glountane Mc.  
Eligott!—

Near which, some ten days ere the first of September,  
I shot my first grouse, as I right well remember—  
Tho' I mention it here but to show you the nature  
Of the rhyming “embarras” of such nomenclature.

So—discarding detail,  
As of little avail—

I may say that the foxhunt was truly a splendid one,  
Such runs as more riders begin than e'er ended one;

That the mettle was tried  
Of the best, in the ride;

That thrice, in full cry, the good pack swam the Bride;  
That, long ere the finish,  
The field had grown thinish;

That horses and horsemen had all got enough,  
What our friends the physicians write down as  
“quant. suff.”—

And a small portion *is* of their “perilous stuff;”

That Reynard was just, as it seemed, in a hobble,  
The hounds at his brush, all but ready to gobble ;  
When there wasn't a hole you could thrust a good  
“spud”\* in,  
The “varmint” was lost to them all on a sudden !

”Twas a lovely eve, in the early spring,  
And the small birds flitted on sportive wing,  
As De Barry, tired with his long day's chase,  
Towards Lisnegar rode, with slackened pace ;  
                And the sun in the west,  
                Was sinking to rest,  
On a couch with gold and crimson barred,  
As he passed Kildinan's old churchyard ;  
When, what in his path did he chance to see,  
But its aged, world-famed, white-thorn tree ?  
Which, 'ere a leaf in the woods was green,  
In bud and blossom was always seen ;  
And with myriad petals, as snow-flakes fair,  
With perfume loaded the fragrant air,  
And long 'ere the oldest alive was born  
Had been known as Kildinan's bless'd white-thorn.

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\* “Potato.”

De Barry beheld it with thorough delight ;  
He ne'er had seen blossoms so wondrously white ;  
He ne'er had known perfume so fragrant outright ;  
And the wild wicked notion came into his head—  
Enough to make most people shudder with dread,  
To have it dug up from its sanctified bed,  
And at Lisnegar to replant it instead !

But De Barry was not to be easily balked ;  
He acted as promptly as other folk talked ;  
    Resolved on the deed,  
    Quick he reined up his steed,  
    Straightway sprang to the ground,  
    Bade the abbot be found,  
While groups of the brothers stood timidly round,  
With feelings half-terror half-horror profound.

“ Fair evening, good father ! ” the chieftain began—  
When not crossed, he, in truth, was an affable man—  
“ Fair evening, in sooth, good son ; Heav’n be it  
    praised ! ”  
And his eyes the old abbot devoutly upraised ;  
“ We have cause to be thankful for weather so  
    bright,

And such promise of plenty ;  
 Scarce one year in twenty  
 Does holy St. Bridget display such a sight  
 As her blessed white-thorn affords, morning and  
 night,  
 Whose richness of blossom all sanctified lore  
 Counts as harbinger sure of a bountiful store ! ”

“ “Tis a wonderful tree,” was De Barry’s reply,  
 (Sotto voce — “ Your sanctified lore’s all my  
 eye ! ”)

“ But you know, worthy friar,  
 The vulgarest briar  
 Would almost seem amiss  
 In a wild spot like this.  
 ”Tis a tree fit to grace  
 Some more civilised place ;  
 I’ll have it transplanted, with scrupulous care,  
 To a scene better suited to beauty so rare.  
 Don’t go off like a gun ! —  
 But just wait till I’ve done ;  
 Forty pounds of long twos  
 You shall have, if you choose,  
 The very best wax that for candles they use,

To light for St. Bridget ;  
Well, you *are* a fidget !  
Don't stand shivering agape,  
Like a stultified ape !

'Tis a very long price for a thing of the kind ;  
Which I'd take just for nothing, if I had a mind !'

The poor abbot gazed with a petrified look,  
And his limbs with emotion quite trembled and  
shook ;

Could a creature be born,  
Without hoof or horn,

That, treating the sanctified legends with scorn,  
Could think of transplanting St. Bridget's white-  
thorn,

With unscrupulous hand, from the consecrate  
ground,

Where the bones of the faithful lay mouldering  
around ?

If old Clootie himself he saw bodily there,  
It scarcely could make him more fixedly stare.  
How could he put stop to a purpose so fell ?  
He thought of his book, and he thought of his bell ;  
But did such fellows care about heav'n or hell ?

No—better endeavour the chief to appease—  
So he flung himself down on his tremulous  
knees,  
And prayed him, by all he held sacred and  
good,  
To let the blest white-thorn remain where it  
stood !

But vain was entreaty—the chief roundly swore  
    He'd not hear a word more,  
But would send off a gang of his fellows, next  
morn,  
To dig up, and transplant to his lawn, the white-  
thorn ;

Then rode off, with an air that the monks styled  
    Satanic,  
And left the whole brotherhood stricken with  
panic.

The mandate went forth ! and suffice it to say  
That the thorn was transplanted the very next  
day,  
And, 'ere evening closed in, bloomed resplendent  
before  
    The Mac Adam's hall-door ;

And, when darkness concealed the white petals  
from sight,  
With their perfume made fragrant the breezes of night.

The curtain of dawn  
Once again is withdrawn,—  
And the chieftain awakes, and looks out on his  
lawn ;  
For he longs to behold, by the first light of morn,  
The enchanting white-thorn,—  
Which he seized in so daring and impious a way,  
Not caring a button what people might say.

But—it can't be mistake,—  
He is sure wide awake,  
'Tis not terror, but anger that makes him so shake,—  
Not a thing can he see,  
Where the white-thorn should be,—  
Where he saw it, as plainly as tree could be seen,  
A few hours before, but the sward, smooth and green,  
On whose soft verdant face  
There appeared not a trace,  
Of one least blade of grass being torn from its  
place!

Now De Barry, when roused, was accustomed to swear,

In a style to make stand each particular hair  
On the listener's head—and to write out the oath,  
He indulged in this juncture, I'd surely be loth.  
He consigned the lord abbot and monks to d——  
nation,

In a whole repertoire of sublime imprecation,  
Bade his flunkeys forthwith his best charger caparison,  
Then, summoning round him the whole of his  
garrison,

Set off in hot haste, as a furious lord rides,  
To the sainted seclusion of holy St. Bride's,  
Where he marks--with a fury no language could  
paint—

In the churchyard, the blessed white-thorn of the  
Saint ;

While the monks and the abbot are kneeling  
around,

In a fervour devout, on the sanctified ground !

In he dashes apace,  
With a scowl on his face—  
Little suited, indeed, to such sanctified place,—

“To your feet,” he cries, “quick !  
Do you think this vile trick

Will pass muster with me?—digging up in the  
dark

This tree, and removing it out of my park !  
In the dead of the night—smoothing down ev’ry  
mark ?

A miracle quotha ! the work of St. Bride !

Perhaps once again she may lend you her aid,—  
Come, each of you, fetch out a pick-axe or spade,  
And dig up once more”—But, the lord abbot  
cried,—

For faith gave him courage—“ Hold, desperate man !  
Let no hand stir the sod  
That is sacred to God,  
Whose miraculous aid  
Is so clearly displayed,

In marring the mischief you ventured to plan !  
Oh ! fall on your knees, and ask pardon of Heaven !  
The truly repentant are always forgiven,”—  
When, lashed into fury, De Barry broke in,  
Addressing his henchmen, who circled around—  
“ Dig a hole,” he cries, “ quick, five feet deep in  
the ground,

And bury this shaven-pate knave to his chin !  
By the cross on my sword none shall thence set him  
free,  
'Till St. Bride or the D——l removes the old  
tree !'

In rush his retainers, the old monk to seize,—  
But, what force holds them back  
In their sudden attack ?—  
Ere they touch him he sinks to the earth, on his  
knees,  
And with eyes swimming over, and hands joined  
in air,  
He fervently breathes to St. Bridget this pray'r :—

" Holy Bridget, thine ear I beseech thee incline  
To this prayer, from the humblest who tends at thy  
shrine,  
And give the vain scoffer who heeds not thy  
pow'r,  
A proof that may touch his proud heart, in this  
hour !  
Teach this reprobate chieftain, who, but yestermorn,  
By hands sacrilegious removed thy blest thorn,

And, when 'twas, by miracle, borne back again,  
To the consecrate spot, whence 'twas torn by his  
men,

Would once more remove it, how weak is the arm  
That to sanctified things would attempt aught of  
harm !

In his fury, just now—heeding nought that he  
said—

In mockery of my bare, old, tonsure-crowned  
head,

He called me a 'shaven-pate knave,'—Holy  
Bride,

For myself, I could bear the poor insult with  
pride ;

But I pray thee to punish the outrage his tongue  
On the priests of thy altar thus brutally flung—  
Grant that, henceforth, his head as mine own may  
be bare,

That ne'er on its surface shall flourish a hair ;  
And that, while of his race son or daughter men see,  
They shall merit the scoff that he flung upon me !"

What means this confusion ?—'Tis sure no remorse  
That urges De Barry to shout out " To horse ! "

Makes him spring to his saddle, and ply spur and thong,  
As with his retainers he gallops along.

A glance tells the cause to men's wondering sight,  
A gust sweeps the hat from his brow, in his flight,  
And his head—which, a moment since, clustered  
with hair,—

As if shaved by the cleanest of barber's, was bare !

Not ring-worm or scald  
Would have left it so bald,—

And the monks who beheld it were really appalled !

Monthspassed, and they tried every kind of pomatum,  
Psha ! his hair would have grown just as much if he  
ate 'em.

The baldness defied  
Every remedy tried,—

Cantharides ointment was vainly applied ;  
Till his coiffeur, one morning, acknowledged, per-  
force,

That a wig was his only remaining resource.

A wig ! well 'twas not an agreeable notion ;  
But, since no hope remained in pomatum or lotion,  
He bade one be made, with some signs of emotion.

So they brought a peruke  
That was fit for a duke :

And the wig-maker fitted the article neatly,  
And vowed that it suited his style so completely,

The most careful observer could hardly declare  
That it was not, in fact, his own natural hair ;  
But, while all present vowed 'twas surprisingly  
"spiffy"

The wig vanished clean out of sight in a jiffey !

'Twas no joke,—

To provoke

Either laughter or merriment ;

And a bold man 'twould be that would try the experiment.

It was perfectly plain

That thenceforth it were vain

The hair to restore, or the baldness to hide,

Of the wrong-headed man who—to punish his pride—

Was so strangely bereft of his locks by St. Bride.

Bare-headed he went to the day that he died !

And pious tradition maintains, in the place,  
His descendants have all been a bald-headed  
race ;  
While the blessed white-thorn, from that wonderful  
hour,  
Had the highest repute for miraculous pow'r ;  
'Till at last 'twas by angels removed to the sky,  
To bloom evermore in the gardens on high !

F I N I S.









BOUND  
BY  
LEIGHTON  
SON AND

